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WITH SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
AND COLOURED PICTURE } By Post, 6½d.



1. Hungarian Infantry. 2. Hungarian Jäger (Rifles). 3. Hungarian Hussars on Frontier Duty.

ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT: THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ARMY.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Mr. Frederic Harrison has again been bringing his heavy guns to bear—this time from the deck of the *Nineteenth Century*—against the light bark of Fiction. This literary Nero seems never so well pleased as when breaking butterflies upon the wheel. It is, of course, impossible for a poor novelist to return his fire; but I can tell him a story illustrative of the danger of cultured persons dictating to the unlearned. A man of letters, not unknown to him, came up to London at seventeen years of age, with the usual half-crown in his pocket, and all the proper intentions—"honourable but remote"—of regenerating his species. On the second day of his arrival, he passed, in an obscure part of the town, a shop with "Jones, Tobacconist," written over it. His literary sense was shocked; his ardour to set a fellow-creature right—always ready laid, like a housemaid's fire—burnt high within him. "It is surely my duty," he murmured to himself, "to tell this person that his trade is spelt with two c's." Tobacco always made him ill (though scarcely more so than to see it printed in this fashion), so that he had no excuse for entering the shop as a purchaser. He entered it in the character of an elevator of the human race, and the instant he had done so, and caught sight of the person to be elevated, he felt that he had made a mistake. The tobacconist, a huge and hairy man, was sitting behind the counter in his shirt sleeves, reading a Democratic newspaper and smoking a short black pipe. The modest though intellectual appearance of the literary youth did not impress him favourably; the sale of a penny Pickwick was probably the best business he looked to do with him (and even that, as we know, was a far too sanguine expectation). He looked carelessly over his newspaper without quitting it with either hand: "Well, and what do *you* want, young shaver?" Here was the beginning to a philological discussion! The knees of the literary reformer, already "loosened with dismay," fairly knocked together. "I want nothing, my dear Sir," he stammered.

"What?" The proprietor dropped his paper and glared at him with fury.

"At least, not for myself," murmured the intruder.

"You'll get something for yourself before you are two minutes older; what do you *mean*?"

Nothing in Mr. Collins's "Ode to the Passions," my friend tells me, approached the emotions that were here depicted in that tobacconist's face.

"If you'll only step outside," observed the literary youth, with the courage of despair, "and give your attention to the very peculiar way in which the painter—for I am sure it was not your mistake—has spelt the word 'tobacconist' over your"—

The sentence was never finished. The man of letters assures me, though he cannot tell what exactly happened, that even at this distance of time (more than forty years ago) he has a confused recollection of overwhelming disaster and catastrophe. An earthquake and a volcano (I think he must have been pelted among other things with boxes of vesuvians) seemed to have taken place simultaneously. That awful lesson, not to interfere with other people's business, he has never forgotten. Let Mr. Frederic Harrison lay it to heart. Wisdom, though it may die with him, did not begin with him. Others have written upon the same subject, and differed from him upon the propriety of stuffing the human mind like chickens. "We do not want readers," says Sydney Smith, "for the number of readers seems very much on the increase, and mere readers are often the idlest of human beings. . . . The ambition of a man of intelligence should not be to know books, but things." "The wisest clerks," says Chaucer, "are not the wisest men." "One had better never see a book," says Emerson, "than be warped by its attraction out of one's own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system." Mr. Harrison says it is better to dance with a dairymaid all night than to pass it in reading Mr. Mudie's novels. I see no objection, to either one or the other amusement; and, for my own part, would rather dance with half-a-dozen dairymaids than wade through six volumes of M. Auguste Comte.

M. Henri De Laserre has bowed to the veto of the Sacred College and desisted from his work of Bowdlerising the Bible for the Parisian Upper Ten Thousand. A small child of mine, who had observed the popularity of the Scriptures without quite understanding its cause, once suggested to me that I should "write a Bible"; but, for my part, I have never even thought of "adapting the work to our modern social needs." How men would differ in their mode of treatment if they took up M. De Laserre's unfinished task for him! How each would leave out the denunciation of the sin he was inclined to and retain that of the sin he had no mind to! In the French translation of the Bible, published in 1538 by command of Charles VIII., there are two interpolations, both in Exodus; one is curious: "The dust of the Golden Calf which Moses burnt and ground and streved upon the water, of which he obliged the children of Israel to drink, soaked into the beards of those of them who had really worshipped it and gilded them, which remained upon them a special mark of their idolatry." The other is less strange, but of a similar kind; the reason of their being forced into the text is now inexplicable.

In one of Theodore Hook's (or is it Hood's?) stories there is an account of two lovers walking on Margate Cliff, and very nearly over it, through the fair one's want of control of her aspirates. She keeps on saying "nearer the edge" when she means, for she is very frightened, "nearer the hedge," and what can her true love do but obey her? A similar mistake took place, we may be sure, pretty often in reference to the great auk's egg, the sale of which for so much money the other day formed a topic of general conversation. The hawk, and the auk, being both birds, must have led, indeed, to even greater confusion of the cockney tongue. And now there will

be more of it, for I read there is another great auk's egg "in the market," though I can hear nothing of it about Leadenhall.

What is curious about this creature is its comparatively recent extinction. In 1838, a Danish Professor gave warning that in consequence of the raids made upon its breeding haunts, for it was good to eat, and also because the female (one hardly likes to call her "a great auk," it sounds so rude) only laid one egg each season, the species was in danger; but even he did not look forward to the fact that within five years there would not be a single specimen of it alive. In America, its biographer, Mr. Symington Grieve, of Edinburgh, tells us, more than thirty years have passed since there has been even a report of its existence, and all authenticated manifestations of it have ceased in both hemispheres since 1844. This is, of course, why the great auk's eggs have grown to be so valuable to the collector. There are now but 68½ of them in the world (if the remains of the egg broken by the clumsy footman of Lord Garvagh, and very carefully preserved, can be called a half), forty-five of which are in the British Isles. In 1833 one was bought by a Paris dealer for 3*fr.*; in 1835 one at Leipsic for a guinea, and was sold in 1857 for £7 10*s.* In 1860 the price was £18. In the same year, according to Mr. Grieve, a curious incident took place, similar to the strokes of luck which sometimes happen to the hunters of bookstalls. A naturalist walking near Boulogne was offered by a fishwoman some guillemot's eggs, which she said she had at home; he went to her cottage, and found among them a great auk's egg, which he bought for 2*fr.*, and sold at Stevens' for £26. In 1865 four were sold in London at an average of £32 apiece. These were from a box found, Professor Newton tells us, in the College of Surgeons, simply ticketed "Penguin's Eggs," and containing ten of these costly curiosities; but "when or how they came into the possession of the college there was no record." In 1869 the price rose to £64. In 1880, at Dowell's auction-rooms, in Edinburgh, a "job lot" of eggs was bought, comprising two of the great auk, for £1 12*s.*, which were sold two months afterwards, at Stevens', for £100 and £107, respectively. It is, therefore, by no means wonderful that the price of these rarities should be now 120 guineas, which, I believe, is the last quotation. There is one great advantage enjoyed by the possessors of these golden eggs—they can never be tempted to kill the bird that lays them.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has manifested a passion for the bagpipes, and requested two hundred pipers to be dispatched at once to Cabul. Here is at last an opportunity of getting rid of that curse of civilisation, our "street music." The taste of this barbarous Prince will doubtless improve; unless this new-born love of music is "a craze," indeed, it will develop: after the pipes, his ear will hunger for the hurdy-gurdy; and will yearn eventually for the strains of the German band. No more shall the young Italian boy, with his white teeth and his white mice; no more shall the hairy Teuton, with puffed cheek and protruding eye, deafen the patient Londoner. How all things—though they sometimes have such a reverse appearance—work together for good! It is but a few years back that our rulers were anathematised for making friendly overtures to the Monarch of Cabul. And now there have arisen hopes that from that unlooked-for quarter a deliverance may come to us for which we have long looked to a paternal Government in vain. *Floreat Afghanistan! Vivat the Ameer!* Who knows but that this time next year he may not be sending for the Christmas waits!

One man, at least, liked Robespierre; and I have no doubt there were people who said "there was a good deal of good" about Matthew Hopkins, the witchfinder. Captain Bingham is an admirer of the Bastille, and has written a very interesting book upon it. "We shall find," he says in its preface, "prisoners asking as a favour to be confined in the Bastille, and others asking to remain there when they found they were free." The meals were so luxurious that even prisoners of no social importance had "soup, entrées, remove, and dessert," and three bottles of wine daily; so that the poorer sort petitioned the Governor for less high living, and to have the difference of cost in cash. Smoking was permitted. As for torture, there were only two tortures used in this select establishment—that of "water" and of the "boot" (in the former, the prisoner was filled with liquid as full as he well could be without bursting, and in the latter had his bones crushed to a jelly); while with respect to the much talked-of "oubliettes"; it seems they were only ice-houses, instituted for the benefit of the noblemen and gentlemen in confinement. Our author admits that there was a little harshness occasionally. Louis XI. writes to the Governor concerning the Duke of Nemours, "you should not have let him out of his cage (Cardinal Balue's invention, 8 ft. broad, 7 ft. high, covered with iron plates, and lined with spikes) nor taken the fetters from his legs. *Let him never be taken out but to be tortured.*" Even so late as in Colbert's time, the poor Comte de Pagano, at seventy-eight years of age, beseeches the Minister for linen, "being nearly naked, having worn the same shirt for seven months, and without money to purchase a candle"; whereupon the Minister docketed the letter, "Let him be clothed."

Captain Bingham informs us that he gets his information concerning the Bastille from M. Ravaisson, who devoted thirty years to arranging the papers found in that agreeable residence, "when it fell into the hands of an unscrupulous and sanguinary rabble"; and very good reading some of it is. It is strange to learn that Sir John Falstaff (in 1420) was once its governor; and that Vanbrugh, "who built the Bastille House at Greenwich, now a school for young ladies," was once confined in it. Our author seems to admire the old, high-handed times, and expresses his opinion that "a liberal measure on the part of Louis XIV." (the putting

some noblemen into the Bastille for cruelty to their vassals) "encouraged those revolutionary ideas which a century later were destined to sweep King and throne away"; but few of those who read this authentic record will be inclined to agree with him. He tells many terrible things—let those who love horrors read (*I can't*) his account of the tortures of Damiens, to witness which George Selwyn went express to Paris—and also some very curious ones. For example: a slap in the face was at the French Court considered an insult only to be washed out with blood; but a blow with the fist was a brutal aggression for which you brought your action at law. Perhaps the most significant thing in the two volumes is the receipt of the Abbé de Marolles for getting on in the world of his time, i.e., in 1659:—"Render yourself useful, and be supple and obsequious to those who are in the possession of credit or authority; be handsome in your person; adulate the powerful, and smile while you suffer from every kind of ridicule and contempt whenever they do you the honour to amuse themselves with you; never be frightened at a thousand obstacles which may be opposed to you; have a face of brass and a heart of stone; insult worthy men who are persecuted; and rarely venture to speak the truth." Such was the road to fortune under the old régime; also the way to avoid the Bastille, and even to get out of it, if, like the Abbé, you had the misfortune (through not keeping strictly to these rules of conduct) to be detained there.

THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.

A few Sketches of troops and artillery of the Russian Army in Poland have appeared in our series of "The Armies of the Continent." The uneasiness lately displayed with regard to the defences of the Galician frontier makes the Austrian, or rather Austro-Hungarian, Army the next in military and political interest, especially with reference to the disparaging criticisms of Sir Charles Dilke, which we have quoted on a former occasion. The forces of Austria and those of the kingdom of Hungary, with the Slav and other provinces respectively dependent on each, are separately organised, and are maintained by the separate Parliaments and Governments of the two Sovereignities, in the "Dual Empire"; but are both under the direct command of the Emperor Francis Joseph, King of Hungary, with one General Staff. On a peace footing, the ordinary standing army of the whole Empire, with the small permanent establishment of the Landwehr or militia, amounted till recently to no more than 286,500 men, with 1200 guns and 50,360 horses; but it has been increased since the late scare, and could be raised, in time of war, to about one million soldiers, with 1544 guns and 207,500 horses. The infantry consists of 102 regiments of the line, each of four battalions and mustering 4900 men; one very strong regiment of Tyrolean sharpshooters, numbering above 12,000 men; and forty battalions of Rifles, each 1229 strong; they are armed with the Werndl breech-loader, but are to exchange it for the Mänlicher repeating rifle; and each soldier of the line carries a small spade. The cavalry is composed of fourteen regiments of Dragoons, sixteen of Hussars, and eleven of Uhlans, altogether 63,919 men and officers, armed with sword and carbine; each squadron, of 171 men, has five men carrying a spade, pick, or axe. The field artillery is divided into fourteen regiments, varying in the composition of their batteries; one class of regiment has thirteen, another eleven heavy batteries of nine guns, besides two light batteries, mounted; the latter class of regiment has two six-gun batteries of horse artillery. There are, besides, twenty-eight batteries of divisional artillery, each of eight guns, and twenty-two of mountain artillery, each with four guns. In time of war, one regiment of artillery would be brigaded with each of the army corps. The fortress artillery, of which there is sufficient, would have to do duty in the fortresses of Cracow, Przemisl, and Lemberg, in Galicia; Temeswar, Peterwardein, and several places in Transylvania; Szegedin, in Hungary, and probably on the Roumanian and Servian frontiers, and on the Danube and Save. The corps of engineers has a strength of 14,000 men, and the pioneers about 7000, besides the special railway and telegraph services; the transport train is considered one of the best in Europe, with nearly 39,000 men, 49,000 horses, and 7700 carriages. The above figures do not include the militia; either those of the Landwehr of Austria and the proper Austrian provinces, the "Cis-Leithanian," west of the river Leitha; or those of the Hungarian "Honved," which cannot be employed out of the kingdom of Hungary without a special vote of the Hungarian Diet. This Honved, or reserve force of Hungary, consisting of men who have already served in the regular army, has an effective strength of 121,000 men. The Archduke Ranier is Commander of the Austrian Landwehr, and the Honved is under the command of the Archduke Joseph. Field Marshal the Archduke Albert is Inspector-General of all the Austro-Hungarian forces.

Lord Ailsa has had his 120 Ayrshire farms revalued, and large reductions in rent are expected to be made.

The Pope on Jan. 10 received the British pilgrims, who were presented to his Holiness by the Duke of Norfolk. The pilgrims were accompanied by all the students of the British Catholic Colleges in Rome. The reception was held in the Sala Ducale of the Vatican, the Pope being accompanied by several Cardinals and attended by the members of the Papal Court. His Holiness on entering the hall was received with enthusiastic acclamations.

On Saturday, Jan. 7, Mr. R. Henn, Q.C., Recorder of Galway, delivered judgment in the appeal of Mr. Blunt against the decision of the Magistrates at Woodford, who had sentenced him to two months' imprisonment. After elaborately reviewing the case, he concluded by confirming the sentence, and later Mr. Blunt was taken to Galway Jail.—Mr. W. J. Lane, M.P., has been arrested on the charge of inciting to intimidation, and, after being lodged in Cork Jail, has been liberated on bail.—Mr. Timothy Harrington, M.P., secretary of the Irish National League, was tried under the Crimes' Act at Tralee on Jan. 9 for publishing reports of suppressed branches of the League. He was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, but an appeal was granted, pending which the defendant was liberated on bail.—Two charges against Mr. Patrick Corcoran, overseer of the printing department of the *Cork Examiner*, of publishing reports of suppressed branches of the National League, came before Messrs. Gardner and Redmond, Resident Magistrates at Cork, on Jan. 9, when sentence of a month's imprisonment was passed in each case.—Mr. Sheehy, M.P., whose sentence of three months' imprisonment was confirmed at Roscommon on Jan. 7, has been conveyed to Tullamore.—At Dungannon on Jan. 9, Sir Francis Brady, Q.C., reversed the decision of Messrs. French and Nagle, Resident Magistrates, who in November sentenced Patrick Kelly to six months' imprisonment for, as it was alleged, taking illegal possession of a house.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

SECOND NOTICE.

Of Hogarth, the founder of English figure painting, and of Richard Wilson, the father of English landscape, we have already said enough. Each did his special work well within the limits of his art, but neither was an artist in that full and true sense as were their immediate successors, Gainsborough and Reynolds. Of the former, although nearly a score of works are catalogued under his name, the portrait of Miss Nancy Parsons (112), in a cloud of white muslin, is almost the only work of first-rate merit. The simple girl-like face which the artist gives her has little to suggest to us the lady's adventurous career, so well known to the readers of Walpole and Junius. Another fine and undoubtedly genuine work is the portrait of Miss Edgar (151), a member of an old Ipswich family with which Gainsborough was brought in intimate relations at the very outset of his career, and it is by no means unlikely that this portrait was one of his first works after his return from his apprenticeship in London. His powers as a landscape painter can be scarcely appreciated from the "Wooded Landscape" (185), or even from the sketch for "The Cottage Door" (165), although in this latter one can trace the foreshadowings of the marvellous picture bearing that title, of which so many repetitions exist; the version now belonging to the Duke of Westminster contests the palm in the eyes of connoisseurs with that belonging to Lord Normanton. Of Reynolds's eight pictures, the group of "Mrs. Thrale and her Daughter" (163), lent by Lady Ashburton, will, for its merit and associations, attract the most attention. Looking, however, at the ruddy bloom, so strongly accentuated, into which the mother's cheeks are flushed, one can scarcely identify this portrait with her, of whom, in view of her literary aspirations, it was said:—

See Thrale's grey widow with a satchel roam,
And bring in pomp laborious nothings home.

The composition of the picture, however, is admirable, and the young girl in white leaning against her mother's knee suggests a scene of domestic harmony which, perhaps, did not always reign in the Thrale household. The portrait of a youth with a dog (100), lent by Mr. Archibald Ramsden, is a clever adaptation of Reynolds's style—if it is not an original work, as it well may be; whilst the study in the style of Watteau (91) shows how cleverly the great English master could imitate the style of the Frenchman, of whose influence in his own and other countries he was the most potent destroyer.

With Gainsborough and Reynolds English art branches off into distinct channels, occasionally but rarely crossing each other—the portrait and figure painters and the landscapists. We can only wish that in the arrangement of the gallery this distinction had been preserved in order to show more clearly the steps by which English art has reached its present phase in both schools. Amongst the portrait painters who rank in time and place next after the two *maestri* are Romney, Hoppner, and Opie. Of these Hoppner is not represented at all, and his place is but inadequately supplied by the two works ascribed to Cosway, a child's portrait (208) and a small head (212) which has no distinctive merit at all. Of Romney, however, the catalogue, at least, shows numerous specimens. The portraits of Miss Catherine Petre (80) and of the Countess of Mansfield (109)—a worthy sister of the beautiful "Mrs. Graham"—are, perhaps, the best evidence of his power, although the charming group of Mrs. Carwardine and her child (148) displays a higher level of feeling and grace. Of course it is impossible to see any number of Romney's works without meeting with Lady Hamilton in some form or another, and the present exhibition is no exception to the general rule. It may be mentioned that Romney painted a picture of the death of General Wolfe on the heights of Abraham, which would have had a special interest, if it had been exhibited on the present occasion. Of Opie's works we have already spoken, and can only regret that he should not have been seen beside his contemporaries. Sir Thomas Lawrence, however, is represented by two characteristic works, "Lord Seaforth" (36), a manly figure in the gorgeous costume of his own Highland regiment, and a full-length portrait of his daughter and only child, who married, successively, Sir S. Hood and the Right Hon. James Alexander Stewart, and carried with her the name and property of Mackenzie of Kintail. In this, as in so many of Lawrence's works, we see his innate love of finery and gorgeous clothes. They are no longer, as with his masters, decorative accessories; but become a matter of the highest importance, and of chief interest. But Lawrence is above all things aristocratic, and it is not surprising that he was so long the portrait painter *à la mode* in Court circles. Of Sir Henry Raeburn there is at least one good instance—the portrait of Mrs. Bell (92)—a half-length figure in a white dress and light orange mantle, in which he shows his skill in the management of half-lights and delicate gradations of shadow.

It seems strange to place Etty, whom so many of us can recall as a regular exhibitor in Trafalgar-square, on a roll-call which seems only to summon the long-departed, but Etty was born just a hundred years ago, and was one of Fuseli's most promising pupils. His almost unrivalled power in rendering flesh has been little recognised outside the ranks of his own profession; but it is scarcely too much to say of him that he was the first to translate into modern figures the rich tones of Venetian art. One of his works here exhibited, "Robinson Crusoe" (70), just cast ashore, has, in addition to its other qualities, a strong dramatic power; but it shows, at the same time, the weak side of the painter, who aimed too often at being a moralist; and, lacking real sentiment, he not unfrequently stumbled on the ridiculous. In such a figure as that of "The Bather" (196) he is seen at his best. We must pass without notice the works of Smirke (230), Stothard (105, &c.), and even of William Blake—that strange genius whose "Bard" (232), inspired by Gray's well-known lines, will hardly convert to admiration those who are not already devotees—and hasten to pay a willing homage to Sir David Wilkie, that most versatile of modern painters (who is, perhaps, better represented here than most of his colleagues). It is scarcely credible that the man who began by painting village scenes in the tone of such a work as his own "Birthplace at Cultra" (236) should, in a few short years, have taken hold so completely of public taste as to give it a direction which it preserved for nearly fifty years. In the interval, as we may see by comparing "The Letter of Introduction" (1), one of his masterpieces, with his "Washington Irving in the Convent of La Rabida" (8), Wilkie was constantly changing his style; but the public, which had been taught to appreciate "The Jew's Harp" (321), "The Drunken Farrier" (130), and the still better-known "Blind Fiddler," "The Village Feast," &c., showed far less enthusiasm for his work when it had been improved by his foreign travels, and he had brought back from Spain and Italy the rich colouring with which his later pictures glow. The two artists who most nearly approached Wilkie were W. Collins, in sentiment, and Mulready, in colour. From the former we have a delightful group of mischievous boys "Bird's-Nesting" (74), whilst Mulready's "Widow" (49), although somewhat vulgar,

and "Idle Boys" (62) are as careful in drawing as the "Bathers" (115) is rich in colour. In both these Wilkie was undoubtedly their superior and the more skilful artist technically, yet he displayed in his works less sympathy and self-confidence than either of his friendly rivals. One word should be given to R. B. Haydon's "Waiting for the Times" (194), a picture full of vigour and intense earnestness of expression. It was painted in the midst of the popular excitement in 1831, aroused by the first Reform Bill and the Bristol riots. The picture was originally painted for Lord Stafford, but was ultimately purchased by Mr. Kearsley at a time when, as usual, Haydon was in great straits, and whilst his little girl Fanny was dying.

It is now necessary that we should turn to those landscape painters whose works have been brought together in such profusion, and we are glad to find amongst them the names of some who have of late met with scant regard. George Morland's work is so well known that it need not delay us long—such pictures as "The First of September" (5), "The Stable" (10), "The Keeper's Home" (44) are familiar to all by the numerous mezzotint and other engravings, and in looking at these originals and others in the gallery we realise the zest with which Morland entered into the ale-house and stable life around him. Old Crome and the other members of the delightful Norwich school—George Vincent, Cotman, and Stark—are all represented by works of average merit. Their indebtedness to Gainsborough is apparent at every moment; but in their love of minute detail, which they borrowed from their Dutch neighbours across the intervening sea, they gave the first impulse to the Pre-Raphaelite movement. On the other hand, Patrick Nasmyth, as we may see by his "Firth of Forth" (88) and his "View in Surrey" (41), took Wilson rather than Gainsborough as his guide. His scenes are nearly always bright, but cold and harsh, as if an east wind on a spring day was blowing across the fields and hedgerows. Sir Augustus Calcott was in like manner a follower of Wilson; and by dint of conscientious work, produced some admirable effects of sea and shore; but his best work here, "Beach and Pier" (253), does not give a fair idea of his powers, and is chiefly interesting as suggesting a comparison with the treatment of a similar subject by George Chambers (223) and Bonington (330). The career of the former, who was the son of a fisherman at Whitby, and died Marine Painter in Ordinary to William IV., is very interesting; but scarcely so rich in episodes as that of Bonington, whom the Louvre Gallery catalogue claims as a French artist. It is true that when we look at the small work, "Charles V. Visiting Francis I." (96), we trace the training of Delacroix, who highly appreciated his pupil's work; but in such works as "The Château of the Duchesse de Berri" (15), the Duke of Westminster's "Sea-piece" (125), and the "Ships at the Pier" (330), we find in him an almost incomparable painter of landscape and marine scenes bathed in the richest haze of light. Had Bonington not been cut off so prematurely, it is possible that he would have disputed with Constable the supremacy as a landscape painter which the latter enjoyed for a brief period. Constable's most important work here, amongst the thirty-three ascribed to him, is the far-famed "View of Salisbury" (142), with its magnificent cathedral spire standing out against the lurid thunder-cloud behind it. One can fancy the wind whistling through the trees as the storm moves onward, and one feels the chilliness of evening which has succeeded the sultry day. Almost as beautiful, in a very different and more quiet tone, is the picture of "Arundel Castle and Mill" (47), which was the last picture he completed previous to his death, in 1837. It has preserved its colour, too, far better than "The Glebe Farm" (46), which hangs close by; or even than the two versions of Dedham Vale, of which, in our eyes, that belonging to Sir John Neeld (161) far eclipses in beauty and refinement even the far-famed Salisbury. From Constable we pass, by an easy transition, to W. M. Turner, amongst whose pictures here, or anywhere, the Duke of Westminster's "Dunstanborough Castle" (69) will rank with the most completely successful; although the "Vintage at Mâcon" (121), with its Claude-like atmosphere, and the "Wreck of the Minotaur" (159) may possibly divide the popular vote. The latter picture was painted in 1811, about the same time as "Apollo Slaying the Python," and was consequently at least six years after another treatment of the same subject which is now in the National Gallery.

It is well to close our short review of English art as shown at the Grosvenor at this point. There are many other painters, and some of them men of note—such as De Wint, John Linnell, Joseph Severn, and a few more who have left something more than a passing name; but their direct influence upon national art is difficult to determine. In like manner, we may say of William Aikman, John Ewbank, William Havell, William Hamilton, and a host of others, *pretereunt et imputantur*. Specimens of their work are to be found in these rooms, and will reward the student who cares to spend his time in assigning to each his proper niche in the Temple of Fame. For ourselves, we are content to call attention to the more noteworthy, believing that they will in general be found the most delightful companions to those in search only of enjoyment.

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

According to the Board of Trade returns for the twelve months just closed, the total exports were of the value of £221,398,440, or nearly nine millions more than in the year preceding. During the same period, the imports amounted to £361,935,006, showing an augmentation of between twelve and thirteen millions.

The parishioners of St. Margaret's have presented a window to the church in honour of her Majesty's Jubilee, in addition to the four children's cots which they have permanently founded in Westminster Hospital in commemoration of that event. The window, by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, contains a full-length figure of the Queen, bearing the orb and sceptre, with scenes from the Coronation and the Jubilee service, the arms of the colonies, and other details. The memorial lines for the window were written by Mr. Robert Browning.

TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

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POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

JAN. 14, 1888.

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THE COURT.

The Queen, who is well in health at Osborne, rides and drives nearly every day. In the evening of Dec. 6 the Queen witnessed a representation of tableaux vivants, in which Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and members of the Royal household took part. The Rev. Canon and Mrs. Prothero, Lady Cochrane and Miss Cochrane, and Lady Cowell and Miss Cowell were present. The band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, Portsmouth Division, under the direction of Mr. George Miller, bandmaster, played a selection of music during the tableaux. The Duchess of Albany, who spent Christmas with the Queen, left Osborne on Saturday, Jan. 7, crossing to Portsmouth in the Royal yacht *Alberta*, accompanied by her children. Her Royal Highness proceeded to Claremont. The Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox arrived at Osborne, and dined with her Majesty and the Royal family. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and Lady Ponsonby and Major-General Dennehy, C.I.E., were also invited. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of the Queen before dinner. On Sunday morning, Jan. 8, her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal household, attended Divine service. The Rev. Canon Prothero, M.A., officiated.—Messrs. W. J. Byrne and Co., of Richmond, have had the honour of photographing her Majesty, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the infant Princess at Osborne, and have been so fortunate as to obtain highly successful portraits. The Hon. Lady Biddulph, the Hon. Lady and Miss M. Ponsonby, and Lady Cowell had the honour of dining with her Majesty on Monday, Jan. 9. In the evening the Queen witnessed a repetition of the tableaux vivants in which Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and members of the Royal household took part. The band of the Royal Marines (Light Infantry), Portsmouth Division, under the direction of Mr. Miller, together with part of the band of the 60th King's Royal Rifle Corps, under the direction of Mr. Tyler, played a selection of music.

Sir Henry James, Q.C., M.P., left Sandringham on Jan. 6, having terminated his visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Goschen, Colonel Sir Charles Warren, and the Rev. J. N. Dalton, Canon of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, arrived at Sandringham next day. The West Norfolk Hunt had a special meet at Sandringham on Jan. 7, at which were present many of the leading county families of the neighbourhood. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud followed the hounds, as also did the principal guests staying at Sandringham. On Sunday, Jan. 8, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and the guests staying in the house, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service in the morning at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the park. The Rev. E. Heseltine, Curate of West Newton, Sandringham, officiated, and the Rev. J. N. Dalton preached. On Sunday Prince Albert Victor attained his twenty-fourth birthday. On Monday, Jan. 9, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the Marquis of Hartington, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen (Chancellor of the Exchequer) and Mrs. Goschen, Colonel Sir Charles Warren, and the Rev. Canon Dalton terminated their visit to the Prince and Princess. The Prince and suite witnessed the performance of "Frankenstein," at the Gaiety Theatre, on Tuesday, Jan. 10.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne arrived at Boulogne on Saturday morning, Jan. 7, from Folkestone, and left again immediately by train for Paris, en route to Malta and Algiers.

The Duchess of Albany has consented to act as a patroness of a fancy-dress ball to be held on Feb. 9 at the Hôtel Métropole in aid of the funds of the North London or University College Hospital, W.C.

Monday, Jan. 9, being the fifteenth anniversary of the death of Napoleon III., it was made the occasion of the removal of his remains and those of his son, the Prince Imperial, from their resting-place at the Roman Catholic church of St. Mary, Chislehurst, to the mausoleum erected by the ex-Empress Eugénie at Farnborough. Monsignor Goddard and other ecclesiastics took part in the solemnities, and many adherents of the Imperial family were present.

The Lord Lieutenant left Dublin on Saturday, Jan. 7, for a three-weeks' sojourn at his seat in the county of Down. The Marchioness of Londonderry, accompanied by her mother, the Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury, proceeded to England by the mail-steamer leaving Kingstown the same evening.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

Mr. Julian Hardman, of the Royal Dragoons, and Frances, only daughter of General Sir T. McMahon, Bart., C.B., were married on Jan. 10, at St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens. The bride entered the church punctually at two, with her father, who afterwards gave her away. She was accompanied by six bridesmaids—Miss Lena McMahon, cousin of the bride; Miss Frances Hardman, sister, and Miss Daisy Hardman, cousin of the bridegroom; the Misses Millicent and May Montagu, and Miss Christie. The best man was Mr. Harrison, of the Royal Dragoons.

A large congregation assembled at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Dec. 5, to witness the marriage of Mr. Archibald Hicks Beach, eldest son of Mr. W. B. Beach, M.P., to Miss Violet Bethell, only daughter of the Hon. Slingsby Bethell, C.B. The bride was given away by her father, and was followed to the altar by three little pages, dressed in pretty costumes, instead of the usual gathering of bridesmaids. She wore a gown of white satin draped with Brussels lace, and her ornaments consisted of diamonds. The service was fully choral. Lord F. Fitzgerald attended the bridegroom in the capacity of best man.

The annual show of the Oxfordshire Agricultural Society for 1888 will be held at Abingdon on May 23 and 24. Lord Wantage is president for the year.

The New Zealand Parliament has been prorogued, all the financial proposals of the Government having been carried by large majorities. The new loan which the Colonial Treasurer announced in his recent financial statement is for the amount of £1,000,000. This is in addition to the raising of the North Island Railway loan of £1,000,000 authorised in 1882. No new works will, however, be undertaken, and the Government will engage not to borrow any further sum than the £2,000,000 on the London market for three years.

On Jan. 7, after the meeting of the Court of Aldermen at Guildhall, the members of the aldermanic body met in one of their committee-rooms, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, in order to present to Mr. William Jameson Soulsby a testimonial from them "in acknowledgment of the judgment and ability with which he had fulfilled the duties of private secretary to successive Lord Mayors at the Mansion House during a period of upwards of twelve years." The gift consisted of a silver tea service, an illuminated address, and a purse of money. Previously, 172 members of the Court of Common Council had presented a similar testimonial to Mr. Soulsby.

LIFE AT SAN REMO.

The pleasant seaside winter residence of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, on the sunny shores of the Italian Riviera, continues to be a place thought of with much interest, and with many friendly good wishes, by our own countrymen and by numbers of other people in Europe. Our Artist at San Remo, having perhaps done enough to represent the attractive and picturesque features of scenery in the town and its neighbourhood, takes to sketching the figures of the native inhabitants; and the types he has chosen will doubtless be recognised by those who have sojourned on that part of the Mediterranean coast. They are thoroughly Italian, but more distinctly Ligurian in character, while they belong evidently



STREET MUSIC AT SAN REMO.

to the class who follow diverse ways of earning a livelihood by serving the wants, the comforts, and pleasures of town residents and visitors, as poor folk are willing to do in most parts of the world. The street milkman, the woman selling cheeses, the shoeblack, and the inevitable street musicians playing an air from the "Barber of Seville," contend for the favours of easy customers at San Remo, as they do elsewhere; and it is amusing to notice their brisk and lively manners, their engaging address, and their bright faces when the coin is put into their hands.

The news from San Remo with regard to the condition of the German Crown Prince continues good. On Sunday, Jan. 8,



THE LATE MR. GEORGE SYLVESTER,
SURGEON, OF TROWBRIDGE, BORN 1788.
The oldest medical man in England.

he drove out in an open carriage with his nephew, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, for an hour, and walked a good part of the way back. His Imperial Highness feels and looks very well. His son-in-law, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, who recently visited him, says the sound of his voice is now quite normal again. The Crown Prince's letter of thanks to the municipality of Potsdam for their New Year's congratulations closes with the expression of "the hope that he will be able to visit that town as usual in summer." It is stated that Dr. Braumann, Professor Bergmann's assistant, intends shortly to return to Berlin, the necessity of an operation in tracheotomy happily not being apprehended for a long while to come, if at all.

The evening classes established by the School Board for London in 1882 have, it is announced, each year greatly increased in number and in the effectiveness of their work. In the present session, classes have been opened in 128 schools, and more than 10,000 pupils have enrolled themselves; these classes reopened after the Christmas vacation on Monday, Jan. 9. The subjects are varied as much as possible to meet the requirements of individual pupils. The Recreative Evening Schools Association are rendering the Board great assistance in this work, and the classes are taught by well-qualified teachers. Prizes and certificates are awarded. The fee is, as a rule, only threepence a week, and a great reduction is made if it be paid quarterly. The classes are held in Board schools in every district in the metropolis.

THE OLDEST MEDICAL MAN IN ENGLAND.

The late Mr. George Sylvester, M.R.C.S., of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, who died on Dec. 26, was the oldest of English physicians or surgeons or medical practitioners. He would have attained the great age of a hundred years on March 16, having been born on that day in 1788. We are assured that, in all his very long life, while continually taking care of the health of others, this fine old gentleman was never ill; the local chronicle states that "he had not known what it was to suffer from any of the ailments that afflict mankind." Mr. Sylvester belonged to an old family well known in that part of the country. He was for some years an assistant-surgeon of the Royal Navy, and was present at the capture of Java in



SHOEBLACK AT SAN REMO.

1811, for which he received a medal. He practised his profession as a surgeon more than sixty years, and held the office of coroner thirty-four years, resigning this about fifteen years ago, when one of his sons, Mr. F. T. Sylvester, was elected in his stead; another son, Mr. G. M. Sylvester, is practising at Trowbridge. The venerable old man was much esteemed in the town and neighbourhood. He retained his active habits of life till within the last year or two, since which he was confined to his room, but had the pleasure of looking out of the window to see the Queen's Jubilee procession six months ago.

The Ven. Archdeacon Earle, Canon of Exeter, has been appointed to the Rectorship of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and to the office of second Suffragan Bishop of London. He will take the title of Bishop of Guildford.



Female Cheesemonger.

Milkman.

Shepherd.



An Early Start 6.A.M.

The pitch seems rather rough

So Matting is laid down to improve it

Which however somewhat interferes with the play

So pick and shovel is used to remedy it

And Choto Hazri is partaken of during this Interval

as part of the Game Spectators regard

All of which the Burman

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Queen's intention to devote the Women's Jubilee Offering to some purpose connected with the training or employment of nurses was made known some time ago. A committee, composed of the Duke of Westminster, Sir Rutherford Alcock, and Sir James Paget, was appointed to consider how best this design could be carried into accomplishment; and their report, having been submitted to the Queen, is now published by her Majesty's order. The method of using the fund which is proposed by these gentlemen is probably the best that could have been devised for the employment in the manner resolved upon of the amount available; but their report is as yet only a reference to a general idea, and it is precisely in arranging the details, which the committee do not touch upon, that real difficulty will be experienced. The committee suggest that her Majesty shall "found an institution for promoting the education and maintenance of nurses for the sick poor in their own homes." This was precisely my own suggestion when her Majesty's gracious intention to devote the fund to nursing was first made known. I observed in this column, on Sept. 3 last, that to provide more trained nurses of the ordinary class would only result in either bringing down the wages or closing the voluntary institutions that at present exist. But, I added, "It would be a great and widespread blessing if her Majesty's gift could be used for arranging a plan by which nurses, partly paid out of a charitable benefaction, can be supplied to the lower, middle, and artisan classes who can afford to pay something for themselves, but who cannot possibly find the guinea or two guineas weekly and the good board which a trained nurse expects to receive." The difficulty arises, however, in arranging the particulars of how this fundamental idea shall be carried out practically; and the committee make no suggestions whatever on this score, though they do make elaborate courtly proposals of detail about a distinctive designation, and special badges, and division into classes, for the nurses.

The absolutely poor cannot be "nursed" at home in the true sense of the word. Their homes are not such as a nurse can reside in; and the appliances for nursing are not forthcoming. The overcrowded dwellings of the really poor cannot bear the introduction, even as a beneficent agent, of another person. Mrs. Neighbour can "run in" two or three times a day, without causing more trouble in the home than her help is worth. But what shall be done by real poverty with a nurse who wants her own regular meat and vegetable dinner, and makes demands for saucepans and plates, and clean sheets and flannels, and endless similar luxuries, for the performance of her duties; not to mention beef for making beef-tea, and stimulants, and milk, and linseed, and other medical necessities? The doctor says "the sick person should have so-and-so," and having thus advised, his function is fulfilled. He goes away, his duty done; but the nurse's duty begins at that point. It is her special office to see that the patient does have what it is stated by the doctor he should have; and to nurse without the most elementary necessities (the necessities of decent existence, let alone of sickness) is more impossible than to make bricks without straw. Trained nurses, as all of us know who have had them in our homes, are not famous for "making shift," and doing their best, without fuss, with the appliances that are at hand. But even the best and the minds most prolific of resource cannot be of any avail where absolute necessities are wanting.

I have been, in the course of my brief medical experience in my early girlhood, in a "home"—a single, filthy room, that is—where the only cooking utensil was a publican's quart can. One saucepan and a kettle and a gridiron form an elaborate *batterie de cuisine* in that rank of life. I have known a yellow china dish (cost twopence-halfpenny) to be the one utensil for washing a patient in, and for mixing and preparing anything there was to cook, and for serving up the dinner, if this consisted of a soup, of arrowroot, or of anything else that could not be put direct out of the one saucepan on to a cheese-plate. I have often stood beside "sick beds," with practically no covering but the clothing taken off by the sick patient, and with no bedding but a little straw, overlaid by yet older and more evil-smelling clothing, too ragged to be worn. I will say no more, for fear of shocking my readers. To have seen these things in my girlhood has made me permanently a sadder woman and a pessimist about our social state. But let us sprinkle a little rose-water on the column—it grows too realistic in its atmosphere. Suffice it to add that it must needs be useless to attempt to supply this class of our population with anything more than the present ordinary parish nurse—a hard-working, unpretentious woman, of the class which makes good domestic servants, who will go her rounds, washing babies' faces, applying poultices, and dressing wounds, sweeping floors and making fires sometimes, and carrying charitable gifts from the clergy, as almoners of the rich, in her hand, to supply such things as are most urgently needed for the poor sufferer's state. In severe illness, the very poor can have no chance but by removal to the workhouse infirmary or to a hospital ward. It is for the class above these that assisted nursing is wanted; and the difficulties with which the Duke of Westminster and his colleagues have apparently not grappled are—how to select the cases for help in this class; how to persuade trained nurses with badges to accommodate themselves to the straitened resources of the artisan's or the clerk's, or the poor solitary governess's *ménage*; and how to prevent people who really can afford to pay full price for the assistance of nurses from encroaching on the resources of the charity.

Ladies' clubs do not seem to succeed. The poor little "Somerville" has at length, I learn, given up the ghost. It was hardly a club, in the true sense, the subscription being absurdly small, and the accommodation only consisting of one or two rooms over a shop in Oxford-street; but it began operations some few years ago with a considerable flourish of trumpets. There were to be a thousand members, the majority of whom were to be well-to-do women, who were to pay their annual subscription of five shillings, without expecting any benefit themselves, but contributing toward the accommodation of their work-a-day sisters. This semi-charitable and low-pitched scheme always seemed to me foredoomed to failure. So did that other one, which placed in the fore-front of its prospectus a statement that "no discussions on controversial subjects will be permitted in any of the rooms of the club, nor will any literature that the most careful mother might object to place in the hands of her daughter ever be allowed to enter the reading-room." The Albemarle, a mixed club for ladies and gentlemen, continues a sober course of being; but another smarter and more luxurious mixed club near Regent-circus came signally to grief. So did the only two other clubs for ladies solely of which I have known. Yet it might be supposed, when so many single, literary, and other business women keep house alone, and when ladies from distant suburbs come daily by themselves in large numbers to the West-End to shop and to attend concerts, visit picture galleries, and so on, that a genuine ladies' club, with dining, drawing, and reading rooms, would meet a real want. I have asked a high authority on clubland customs why

ladies' clubs have never yet succeeded, and he replies that it is because women are too temperate—they neither eat expensively enough nor drink wine enough to make their clubs rich; nor do they smoke or play billiards! If these be essentials to the success of a club, long may it be ere one for women shall flourish! Yet I cannot but think that a thoroughly well fitted and sensibly-conducted club for ladies, located somewhere near Regent-circus, would pay under the management of a capable proprietor. It would have, I fancy, to be a proprietary club. There are, probably, not enough women trained to business habits to make a successful club managed by a committee under the authority of members. It must, of course, be kept reasonably select; but there must be no nonsense of any sort about it, and no taint of eleemosynary aid. It would then be a great comfort and convenience to a large number of ladies.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

OLD MASTERS AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.
FOREIGN SCHOOLS.

The spirited portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos (137), Prince of Asturias, which adorns the west room, claims high rank amongst Velasquez's works. It represents the young Prince, in a black dress slashed with white, firmly planted on his little feet, and quite prepared to regard his first shooting expedition as part of the serious business of life. The landscape beyond is painted not only with care and skill but with that sense of completeness and harmony which characterises so much Spanish work. Another delightful work by Velasquez is "La Femme à l'Eventail" (132), one of the glories of Sir Richard Wallace's gallery, and especially interesting as showing Velasquez's power in depicting the lighter shades of female character. The Spanish school is also represented by a very charming "Virgin and Child" (139) by Luis de Morales, painted with a human feeling one looks for in vain in Murillo's treatment (131) of the same subject, lent by Lord Wantage. The "Marriage of the Virgin" (128), also by Murillo, can scarcely be more than a study, for it wants completeness both in composition and colour. The two figures of saints by Il Spagnoletto—or Ribera, as he is more properly called—"St. Peter" (129) and "St. Jerome" (140), are masterful specimens of an art in which asceticism was struggling against the enervating tendencies of the times. Ribera is seldom a pleasing painter—he aims at being rather a moralist; but whether his work ever had this effect upon his generation we are without knowledge. Passing northwards, over the Pyrenees, we find the French school strongly represented by four delightful works from the hand of Claude Lorraine. It is difficult to decide between the rival merits of Lord Wantage's "Enchanted Castle" (138) and the Queen's "Europa" (130), which is simply a name to cover a wooded bay bathed in a haze of golden light. The figure of Europa and her attendants give light to the centre of the scene, of which the exquisite beauty has been seldom surpassed by Claude. In the "Enchanted Castle," of which the setting is nearly as delightful, there is a curious touch of seventeenth century "barbarous taste" in the addition of a modern French or Italian chateau to the mediæval castle which gives its name to the picture. Two other sea-views, "An Embarkation" (136) and "A Seaport" (133), are both delicate treatments of moving and sunrise effects. Gaspar Poussin's "Landscape" (144), dark and heavy, inarks, as it were, the border line between French and Italian art, but that of an academic and decadent Italy. The earlier and better days of Italian art are not so strongly represented as in previous days. Palma Vecchio's portraits of his daughters (124), a group of three buxom damsels, would, we fear, scarcely pass Signor Morelli's test of genuineness; but, on the other hand, "The Virgin and Child," by Giorgione (141), is full of rich colouring and majesty. Neither of the two works ascribed, probably with perfect truth, to Titian—Lord Darnley's "Europa" (134) and Lord Wantage's "Last Supper" (142)—will add much to our knowledge or our admiration of this great artist.

The Flemish and Dutch painters, on the other hand, are represented by a more than usually fine display. The Vandyck portraits are led off by Mr. Gladstone's portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby (121), a weak and somewhat dreary face, although we know him in history rather as a scholar and a mystic, full of quaint knowledge and delicate wit. The portraits of Philippe le Roy (149) and his wife (147) are in Vandyck's grandest style, bright with his reminiscences of his Italian journeys; but even their brilliancy is somewhat thrown into the background by the force of Franz Hals' portrait of a Dutch gentleman (146), in a black doublet and enormous white ruff. In the small room, which is wholly dedicated to Dutch art, Rembrandt's portrait of a young man (51), lent by Mr. Humphry Ward, is one of the principal attractions. In his tall, steeple-crowned hat and stiff collar, one can recognise the stuff of which the sedate burghers were made who sat to Franz Hals, Van der Helst, and others. A fitting pendant to this work is the portrait of an old woman (109), full of character and reality. With this we may compare Ferdinand Bol's Dutch lady (72), who, for some unexplained cause, wears her wedding-ring upon her forefinger. She is as sedate and full of dignity as Johannes Verspronck's portrait of Catherine Adams (65) is brimming over with coquetry and roguish good-humour. We are so accustomed to the smaller and carefully finished works of Peter De Hooghe that the large canvas entitled "A Music-Party" (53) strikes us as something outside the bounds of his special powers, and, for this reason, we much prefer his "Courtyard of an Inn" (95). In like manner, the two large works of Jan Steen, "A Merry Meeting" (55) and "A Wedding-Party" (59), seem to fall far short of the finish and spirit which are displayed in "The Fight Interrupted" (107), or in Teniers' admirable group, "The Card-Players" (114). Of the two works ascribed to Gerard Dow, "A Geographer" (84) and "A Girl with a Lighted Candle" (88), which might have been intended as companion pictures, the former shows most distinctively the painter's peculiar luminous work; but possibly the other panel may have suffered from subsequent repainting. Amongst the other works in this room especially worthy of notice are "The Milkwoman" (50) and "The Listener" (52), both by Nicholas Maas; "The Laughing Cavalier" (75), by Franz Hals; "A Calm at Sea" (87), by William Van De Velde; "The Country Inn" (99), by Isaac Van Ostade; "The Chateau" (98) and "Les Philosophes Bacchiques" (102), by David Teniers.

In the Water-Colour Room, which for the last two years has been given up to a selection from Turner's works, there is a year's collection of sculpture, bronzes, and medals, chiefly of the Renaissance period. The interest of those who hitherto delighted in the works of the early Italian painters is said to have been had in view when this display was decided upon. The original idea had been to make it illustrative of a still more remote period in the history of plastic art. But the difficulties in the way of bringing together a satisfactory collection of Tanagra figures was found to be almost insurmountable. In their place we have a number of bas-reliefs in terracotta or gesso-duro attributed to Donatello, the two Della Robbias, Andrea and Luca, Rosellino, and others. Our knowledge of the production of these works is very

limited, and the best authorities are hopelessly at variance on the subject. Whether the sculptors to whom these figures are attributed worked upon each individual copy, or whether they were only responsible for the matrix from which workmen took impressions, is open to discussion. What we know more certainly is that these plaques, generally representing the Virgin and Child, meet us constantly in the streets and bye-ways of Italian towns, and sometimes even inside the crypts and corridors of Italian palaces. We are struck by the piety or reverence which in those days led men to erect these votive tablets—for such they are in truth—to commemorate some incident of joy or sorrow, or to mark some crisis in their lives. Viewed as such, and in the places where they were set up, they strike us; but ranged together in a businesslike way, side by side, on the dark background of walls intended only to show off pictures, these works lose most, if not all, their interest and charm. They excite in us no sympathies, and, from an artistic point, can scarcely add to our appreciation of their authors' fame. With regard to the bronzes, the idea of exhibiting them in cases made so as to oblige the visitor to look down upon them, as upon sheep in a pen, absolutely destroys all power of enjoyment; and if, in his zeal to gratify his curiosity, he puts himself on his knees before each case, it is only to find that the lines of each statuette figure are hopelessly mixed up with those of its neighbour, and that no opportunity is afforded him of judging of each bronze under ordinarily favorable aspects. The treatment of the medals is, however, altogether satisfactory, and one may pass a very enjoyable half-hour in admiring the wondrous breadth and character, which the quattrocentisti and cinquecentisti engravers displayed in their treatment of metal-work. We look with despair at the laborious and puny results obtained by our own die-engravers—and ask in vain the secret of their impotence when we find, as shown in these cases, how numerous were the Italian medallists.

CRICKET AT MANDALAY.

Englishmen play cricket all round the world. At Mandalay, the capital of the newly-annexed dominion of Upper Burma, no convenient ground has yet been made available near the civil and military head-quarters, except a vacant space just outside the Palace Stockade, in the inner city. To remedy the unevenness and roughness of this ground, the expedient of laying down considerable lengths of matting has been tried; and, where the earth was found too lumpy under the matting, pickaxe and shovel were used to make it smoother; by these means, a tolerable "pitch" was obtained. The playing of a grand match between "The Palace" and "The World," that is to say, between the officers of the troops forming the Palace garrison and those of all other regiments quartered outside, was stopped for a time in order to mend the unevenness of the ground. The native Burmans seemed to think these unusual operations were part of the regular business of the game. But the Englishmen were not sorry to take advantage of the interval for "chota hazri," the Indian early breakfast, as the sun already began, at seven o'clock in the morning, to be rather fiercely felt, and the players wanted some refreshment. Our Sketches are contributed by Lieutenant A. E. Congdon, of the second battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, stationed at Mandalay.

In London 2845 births and 1868 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 241, and the deaths 95, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

Miss Oxley, of Guy's Hospital, and Miss Loch, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, have been appointed by the Secretary of State for India to the charge of the nurses which it is intended to introduce into the Military Hospitals in India.

By the extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway trains now pass through Canada for Boston, opening up the quickest freight and passenger route from the Mississippi to Great Britain.

Sir Tatton Sykes has notified to the cottagers on his estate that he will be willing to provide them with allotments. Many other Yorkshire landowners, including the Earl of Lonsborough, are making voluntary offers, in view of the operation of the Allotments Act of 1887.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, Lady Samuel, and family, left Victoria Station on Jan. 9 for Sydney. A large number of friends were on the platform to wish them "Bon voyage." During Sir Saul Samuel's absence Sir Daniel Cooper will represent the Agent-General, and Mr. S. Yardley will continue to act as secretary.

At daybreak on Jan. 9 a thousand Highlanders marched upon a large sheep farm in the island of Lewis, and drove off all the stock. Soldiers, marines, and police were on the spot, and the Riot Act was read, but the raiders refused to disperse. Several conflicts occurred, and the Procurator-Fiscal, the officer in command of the Royal Scots, and some of the police were severely wounded. Eleven arrests were made.

The parish church of Elstow, John Bunyan's birthplace, has been enriched by a stained-glass window representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, and special services were held on Jan. 9 in connection with the opening. There were previously four stained-glass windows in this church, including two illustrating "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Holy War," the latter being presented to the parish on Sept. 20, 1885. The new window, a small one, completing the east-end series, forms the Jubilee Memorial for Elstow, and the opening services were attended by large numbers of visitors from Bedford.

M. Waddington, French Ambassador in London, presided at the annual conference of the National Society of French Professors in England, held on Jan. 9 in the rooms of the Society of Arts, and in the course of a speech stated that the French Minister of Public Instruction had placed two gold medals at the disposal of the society to be competed for, one by boys and the other by girls. They were awarded to a youth at Cheltenham College and a young lady at St. Heliers. Letters of sympathy were read from many distinguished men, including Lord Tennyson and Lord Lytton. Next day the society was received at the University of Cambridge.

On Jan. 5, being the Feast of the Epiphany, the Venerable Henry James Matthew, Archdeacon of Lahore, was consecrated at Westminster Abbey as Bishop of Lahore. The Dean and cathedral clergy met the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Lichfield, Bedford, Bishop Bromley, and the Bishop Elect, in the Jerusalem Chamber, shortly before eleven o'clock, and walked in procession to the sacristy. Canon Burrows, of Rochester, preached from Rev. ii., 28 verse, "I will give him the morning star," and dwelt in the first instance on the great burden laid on an Indian Bishop. An Indian Bishop, however, had not only great difficulties, but great opportunities. The Lahore diocese was the Mohammedan diocese, the only one in India in which the followers of Islam were in a majority. The Star in the East was a reminder to them that our religion, born in the East, is intended for Orientals. They must not be content with the progress of Christianity towards the West, but they must claim and reclaim the East.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

It has been officially announced that Mr. Robert Buchanan's new play, "Partners," at the Haymarket, has been so cut, altered, shortened, and improved since the "first night" that few would recognise it as the same play. There must surely be something radically wrong with our English system of rehearsals that allows a new venture to be jeopardised in this fashion. Presumably a stage-manager has a watch, and can tell—or ought to tell—to a second how long the performance will take at night. Where is the judgment, where the directing and governing power that passes and admits and consents to scenes that are obviously irrelevant, and pages of dialogue that are palpably unnecessary? Why should it be necessary for a first-night audience—mostly composed of experts—and for critics, whose experience is not without value, to point out when too late the little defects of a play that do it such incalculable mischief when submitted in a raw, unfinished, and incomplete state? The stage-manager in this instance stands condemned. We do not know, or care, who he may be. If he can with ease cut out a good hour from a play on the second night, and bring down the curtain sharp at eleven, then his want of judgment or decision is gravely at fault when he passes a play for the press full of overburdened scenes and redundant dialogue. The failure of "Frankenstein" at the Gaiety, on the first night, was due to inefficient and reckless stage management. The authors, the actors, the whole scheme of the play, were allowed to go by the board in order to allow the stage manager to indulge in a craze for over-decoration, over-adornment, and unnecessary display. Such stage management as that is literally worse than useless. It argues an absolute want of familiarity with the text, an indifference to the relative and component parts of a piece, an absence of that supervision and grasp of effect that should be the province of the stage manager as much as of the professional critic. A stage manager who looks to one scene, and one scene alone, or to one actor and one actor alone, to make the success of a play, is destitute of the rare quality of experience. He does not understand the public whose tastes and idiosyncrasies he should study.

The fault of "Partners" on the first night was that author, director, stage manager, and almost everyone concerned had apparently combined to force upon the public the notion that the whole play depended upon the character of the old German who has married a young wife, and upon the acting of it by Mr. Beerbohm Tree. There never was a greater mistake. The character of the senior partner in Mr. Buchanan's play is a leading one, no doubt; it should be interpreted by a clever and sympathetic artist; it is an important figure in the dramatic scheme; but the more you aggrandise the position of this old German, the more you lengthen out his scenes, the more you force him upon the audience, the more you compel him to act and go on acting to no purpose, the more you pick him out of a well-balanced comedy and pretend to make him a star part—the more you threaten the play with ruin. Heinrich Borgfeldt is not a star part, and no elaborate detail of acting, even if it were prolonged until two o'clock in the morning, will make it so. He has his work to do; when he has done it, let him be gone. This turning on the limelight on the actor-manager is the ruin of dramatic art. It is no good. No single individual is influenced by it in the least. It can be done practically and theoretically. At one theatre a trusty servant is sent into the flies to follow the manager with the limelight. His instructions are never to let him alone. It may be midnight, or daylight, or sunlight, or moonlight—it does not matter. Wherever the manager is, there must be the "lime." This is all very well in a romantic theatre, but where comedy is performed it is not so easy. Then we have the theoretical limelight. The manager, if he can speak German, must speak German whether the play wants it or not. He may represent a man who has lived in London all his life and grown grey in the service of London commerce, but he must give an entertainment in imitation of a Dutch settler at the Cape. Whatever character he has to personate, it must be forced; whatever dialogue he has to speak must be lengthened; in whatever scenes he is engaged they must be dragged out until they become wearisome. Now, this may be managerial policy; but is it art? What would have become of "The Two Roses" if Mr. Henry Irving had been the manager cast for Digby Grant in accordance with this policy? The pretty play would have been spoiled for the sake of over-elaborating Digby Grant. What would have become of "Caste" if George Honey had been the manager playing Eccles? The audience would have been kept in their seats all night, to be entertained by Eccles. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, by diligence, industry, and art has forced his way to the front, and become the manager of the Haymarket Theatre. Everything that he does is clever. He is one of our most observant and ingenious actors. But do not let his friends persuade him that he must be a star or nothing. Don't let his artistic judgment be blinded by power. It comes to this. Had the manager of the Haymarket not been an actor, would "Partners" have been dragged out an hour too long and several of its scenes spoiled for the sake of elaborating a character that required no emphasis or limelight whatever? No! the play would have been cut at rehearsals and not afterwards. The Haymarket venture will only succeed as long as ambition is tempered with self-denial. The success of an actor does not depend upon his being continually on the stage and persistently saying something; but on his saying what he has to say to the point, and not forcing himself into undue recognition. In a word, then, the story of "Partners" could have been told in half the space, and the character of the old German husband described in half the time.

That air of earnest innocence and innate truthfulness that belongs to Miss Marion Terry does not suit the shifty character of a married woman who deceives her husband for mere perversity. This clever lady is always pretending to be the woman the author has sketched; but she deceives no one, not even herself. Claire is not a well-drawn character; but, well or ill drawn, it does not suit Miss Marion Terry. Miss Gertrude Kingston is a novice, but a distinctly clever novice. She has been required to play a vulgar, fast, and offensive woman; and one would fain hope that in no society are women so unwomanly or so detestable as Miss Kingston represents them to be. Amongst men the term "cad" is a horrible word of reproach. Miss Kingston enacts a female "cad," destitute of grace, modesty, and all that men admire in women. Presumably there are such women in the world, but they are loathsome. Miss Kingston's sketch of an innately vulgar and essentially unlovable woman is as clever and as repulsive as a picture by Van Beers. Every detail of vulgarity is studied, and the picture of modern womanhood by a woman makes the spectator shudder. It is realism strained to the utmost. The artist struggles to manufacture a type out of an exception. This is, again, the fault of Mr. Brookfield's father of an actress who has gone into society. It is a caricature, not a character. It puts the whole play out of drawing for the sake of gratifying the caprice of an actor. No such man, dressed like that, with manners like that, with vulgarity of that kind, so assertive, so loud, or so impossible, would be permitted to exist in the atmosphere that Mr.

Buchanan presents. What does the actor care for that? He has to make his hit, and he will make it at the expense of art. In the old days the low comedian got his laugh by painting his nose red or wearing a pair of loud check trousers. The comic actor of to-day is not a bit more artistic. His make-up is absurd; his manner, preposterous. We are convinced that this hunger for detail and elaboration in natural plays is a mistake. It is self-aggrandisement, not art. No two characters could have been more wilfully forced out of all proportion than those played by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Brookfield—men who understand their art. Contrast them, for instance, with the old, soft-voiced, natural clerk played by Mr. Kemble. He might have reddened his nose, or ventured on some extravagant make-up, or stood on his head or done something to attract notice. But he didn't. He was true to nature and art. He was never once out of the picture. He was satisfying, convincing, admirable. This was nature. And the consequence!—an opinion unanimous that Mr. Kemble's confidential clerk was the most consistent, well-balanced, and most admirable performance in the whole play. He was true to himself; it was not a leading part, but it delighted everybody because it was a sound and honest bit of acting. It is not the fault of Miss Le Thiere, but that of the author, that she is a bore, putting in her ear when she is not wanted, and wearying everybody with her disinterested advice. She does nothing, but she talks a great deal. Little Minnie Terry is a delightful child—pretty, natural, and unconscious. She has made the success of the young dramatic year, and so another generation of the Terry family passes into fame.

No one should willingly miss the treat of seeing "Dot," as acted by Mr. Toole's company, in King William-street. This dramatic version of the "Cricket on the Hearth," by Charles Dickens, has been played on several mornings during the Christmas holidays with success, and it will soon go into the evening programme. It is one of the very few innocent, homely, and domestic pieces now to be seen in London, and it is charmingly acted. The Caleb Plummer of Mr. Toole is well known and justly admired for its homely pathos and natural tenderness. There is no exaggeration here or striving after effect; we all understand the old toy-maker, and love him accordingly. But few who have not seen it are alive to the value, artistic and dramatic, of the John Peerybingle of John Billington—a sound, touching, and most natural performance; or could picture a better Dot than Miss Kate Phillips; a sweeter blind girl than Miss Maria Linden; or a prettier May Fielding than Miss Violet Vanbrugh. The Tilly Slowboy of Miss Eliza Johnstone is a genuine specimen of comic acting of the old school, and a most admirable performance. Mr. Shelton Tackleton is also quite in the spirit of Dickens. "Dot" is emphatically a play to be seen, and to be seen quickly, for it will soon be removed for the production of the new comedy by Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merivale.

Offenbach has been dead eight years, but there is plenty of life still left in his operas that recall the palmy days of the third Napoleon and of Paris in the height of luxury. M. Mayer has once more brought Mary Albert to this country to play "La Grande Duchesse," and the experiment has proved successful. The music goes with its accustomed spirit, and the opera is very fairly played, with no tendency towards vulgarity or exaggeration. The "Mascotte" will be the next production at the Royalty, where French plays appear to prosper as much as they did years ago under Mr. Mitchell's management at the St. James's Theatre, in King-street.

Next week the "Scrap of Paper" will be revived at the St. James's, and played for the last time under the present management.

A dramatic entertainment will take place at the Grosvenor Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 18, in aid of the Lodging Home of the Westminster and Pimlico Branch of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, when "A Scrap of Paper" will be played.

From the thirteenth annual report of the delegacy of the Oxford Local Examinations, it appears that during the preceding year 2603 candidates were examined, and that 1086 boys and 648 girls passed. These figures show a slight increase on the returns for the previous year.

One of the excellent series of entertainments annually given to the patients in the Brompton Hospital for Consumption was given on Tuesday evening, Jan. 10, when the comedy of "Anything for a Change" and the comedietta of "A Case for Eviction" were rendered by ladies and gentlemen who volunteered their services.

In December the Fishmongers' Company seized at Billingsgate seventy tons of fish as unfit for food. Considering the time of year this was a very large quantity, but it is to be explained principally by the fact that one whole consignment of Norway herrings, forty-three tons in all, arrived bad through stress of weather.

A new clock has been fixed in Henham church as a Jubilee memorial, through the liberality of Mr. S. Baxendale, all the latest improvements being introduced by J. W. Benson, of Ludgate-hill. The same firm have also made and fixed one for Whitton church, near Hounslow, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, through the energy and zeal of Colonel Innes.

The Apprentices' Exhibition at the People's Palace was on Saturday, Jan. 7, brought to a close. Since the opening of the exhibition, Oct. 10, no less than 83,000 people passed the turnstiles, and subscribed £900 in small amounts, such as 1d. and 2d. It is estimated that the cost of the exhibition will be a little over £1000. Of this the Drapers' Company have promised £100, which, with the subscriptions, will almost meet the total expenditure. All the apprentices who exhibited and were engaged in the building are between fifteen and twenty-one years of age.

The examination, on Saturday, Jan. 7, by three medical men, of the remains of Mr. Archibald McNeill, the journalist, led to the conclusion that he had been attacked, stunned, and then drowned. Two of the bank notes which he possessed have been sent in an anonymous letter to the Boulogne police by a person who says he picked them up on the beach. The remains of the unfortunate gentleman reached London from Boulogne on Monday morning, Jan. 9, and were almost immediately conveyed to Birmingham, where the interment took place in the afternoon. Many journalists and other sympathetic friends assembled at Charing-cross Station, and a number of them joined in the funeral procession to Euston.

The foundation-stone of Temple Bar (which was presented by the Corporation of the City of London to Sir Henry Bruce Meux, of Theobald's Park, Waltham-cross, Herts, a short time since, on condition that it should be re-erected at one of the entrances to his park) was laid on Saturday, Jan. 7, by Lady Meux in the presence of a large number of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Before the ceremony commenced, Mr. Elliott, the contractor, presented Lady Meux with a model of Temple Bar, elaborately worked in oak, a silver trowel, and a mahogany mallet. After depositing a bottle containing some of the current coin, several newspapers, and other articles, the stone was lowered. About 400 tons of the stones have already been carted to Cheshunt.

MUSIC.

An important revival of London musical activity was the resumption, on Jan. 7, of the Saturday Afternoon Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall. The programme, although not presenting any novelty, was of strong interest. Schubert's string quartet in A minor, led by Madame Norman-Néruda, Mr. Charles Hallé's refined execution of Beethoven's "Sonata Pastorale" and the pianoforte part of the same composer's trio in D major, with vocal pieces rendered by Mr. Thorndike, were features of substantial value. The evening concerts recommenced on Jan. 9, when Miss Fanny Davies reappeared, and, as on former occasions, proved herself a worthy pupil of Madame Schumann. The excellent young English pianist played, as her solo piece, the first of Mendelssohn's six Preludes and Fugues, Op. 35; and, in association with Signor Piatti, Schumann's "Märchenbilder," for piano and violoncello; both executants, with Madame Norman-Néruda and Mr. Hollander, having co-operated in Mendelssohn's pianoforte quartet in B minor. Beethoven's third string quartet from Op. 18 opened the concert, Mr. L. Ries, as usual, sustaining the second violin part. Mr. Thorndike was the vocalist, and Mr. Frantzen the accompanist. The evening concerts now begin at half-past eight o'clock—half an hour later than heretofore—a convenient change for those who do not dine early.

Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts at St. James's Hall are midway in their series of sixteen performances. The seventh concert—on Jan. 4—did not include any absolute novelty, but was, nevertheless, of strong interest. The eighth concert—on Tuesday evening, Jan. 10—included Mr. Frits Hartvigson's execution of the pianoforte part of Liszt's eccentric "Todtentanz" ("Danse Macabre"); fantastic variations on the old chant, "Dies iræ," in which the composer appears in his most exaggerated style. The executive difficulties of the piece were skilfully rendered by Mr. Hartvigson, who was also set down for the same composer's "Hungarian Fantasia" at the close of the concert. Another piece in the eccentric modern style was the overture which opened the concert, that written by Berlioz in illustration of "King Lear." After the two works just named, Beethoven's second symphony (in D) came with refreshing effect, as compared with the frantic style of the preceding pieces; a still stronger contrast having been offered in the air, "Rossignols amoureux," from Rameau's opera "Hippolyte et Aricie" (produced in 1733). This graceful piece, by the old French composer, was sung with much refinement by Mrs. Henschel, Mr. Svendsen's flute obbligato accompaniment having been an important feature. The closing item of the programme was preceded by a "Chaconne" and "Rigaudon" from Monsigny's "Aline" (an opera-ballet produced in 1766).

At a recent examination at the Guildhall School of Music for the Certificate of Merit, the following students were passed with honours:—Alice Rust, Edith J. Ibbs, May Elliott, Florence Pettit, Annie Baretti, and Enid Stuart Jones (pianoforte), Helen Ornarey and James Hailes (singing).

Señor Gimenez Manjon, an eminent guitarist, gave a recital at Steinway Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 10.

Next week—on Jan. 18—Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts, at St. James's Hall, will be resumed, in continuation of their twenty-second season; and, on the following evening, performances will be given by the Sacred Harmonic Society (also at St. James's Hall) and by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society (in the great Kensington building). The programme of the first-named society consists of Rossini's "Moses in Egypt"; that of the Kensington institution, of Berlioz's "Faust" music.

Among the important revivals of musical activity about to take place will be the resumption of the thirty-second series of Saturday afternoon concerts at the Crystal Palace on Feb. 11.

The dates of the ensuing Handel Festival—to be held at the Crystal Palace this year—are already announced for June 22, 25, 27, and 29. The solo vocalists at present engaged are Mesdames Albani, Valleria, Nordica, Patey, and Trebelli, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. Santley. As on the last two occasions, Mr. Manns will conduct the performances. The arrangements for the approaching celebration are to be on a scale of fully equal grandeur to that of previous festivals.

From Paris, the death is announced of the celebrated pianist, Henri Herz. Not only as a skilful and brilliant performer, but also as the composer of a vast quantity of music for his instrument, Herz has earned a permanent place in musical history. His compositions (mostly variations) never reach any height of greatness, but they are generally distinguished by neatness of structure and an abundance of florid passage-writing well calculated for the display of the instrument and the improvement of the executant's technical skill. Herz was for many years in high vogue both in this country and abroad; and his music—volatile as much of it is—has been somewhat unjustly ignored of late. The deceased pianist for some years carried on a successful manufactory of pianofortes at Paris. He was born, at Vienna, in 1806.

The half-yearly meeting of the council of the Tonic Sol-Fa College was held on Jan. 7, and attended by about forty members. Fifteen of these came long distances, travelling in the aggregate over 5000 miles to be present at the meeting and return to their homes.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company opened a new season at the Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, on Monday evening, Jan. 9, with a performance of "Carmen." The extensive repertoire of the company now comprises several English adaptations of important works, recently added, including Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil," Auber's "Masaniello," and Victor Massé's "Galatea," which, as well as other classical and popular operas, will be given during the season just opened.

Mr. Henri Logé will give the first of a series of concerts at Steinway Hall on Jan. 19.

Mr. Moss, Conservative, has been returned for Winchester by a majority of 515 over his Liberal opponent, Mr. Vanderbyl.

The Council of the National Rifle Association have decided that the Annual Prize Meeting for this year shall commence at Wimbledon on Monday, July 8, and continue as usual till the end of the following week.

Cricketers will find "John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack for 1888" fully sustains its interest, under the experienced editorship of Mr. Charles F. Pardon. As a shilling hand-book of reference it is, indeed, invaluable to cricketers.

Dr. J. S. Bristowe, senior physician to St. Thomas's Hospital, has accepted the presidency of the Hospital Association, vice Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., resigned. Sir Edmund Hay Currie, Mr. E. H. Lushington (treasurer of Guy's Hospital), and Mr. F. C. Carr-Gomm (chairman of the London Hospital) have also joined the council of the association.

During the past year 281,796 emigrants of British origin left the United Kingdom, being 48,896 more than the number leaving in 1886. The emigrants to the United States were 201,603, as compared with 152,710 in 1886; to British North America, 32,053, those in 1886 being 24,745; to Australasia, 34,290, as compared with 43,076 in 1886.



A SLEIGH ROAD ON THE ICE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.



RAILWAY ON THE ICE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

WINTER IN CANADA: ICE-TRAVELLING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.



THE SCAPEGRACE.—BY W. S. STACEY.

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

"THE SCAPEGRACE."

The picture, by Mr. W. S. Stacey, exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Oil Colours, is that of a pretty and amusing piece of "make-believe," delightful to a little girl who likes to put on mock airs of authority, and to play the mother or the mistress—for the dawn of life betrays that peremptory disposition, "*sic volo, sic jubeo*," which has been noted by satirists of the sex. It is essentially feminine to set up an imaginary living creature in the shape of a puppet or doll—though a pet terrier or kitten would answer much better—to give commands, to pretend anger that they are disobeyed, to scold and threaten punishment, all for the mere pleasure of exercising a fancied rule. No little boy would ever do so, or would have sufficient force of imaginative action to play such a part; he craves the sense of reality in

gratifying his consciousness of power, and is rather apt to be a tyrant with his dog, but does not condescend to give orders to lifeless figures. The innocent caprice of this child, however, is so truly in character, and the humour of the scene, with the helpless attitude of the supposed offender, the "Scapegrace," perched on the stool of penance, is so fully expressed, that it is an acceptable addition to the delightful comedy of infancy and girlhood. A glance may be spared for the other doll, whose posture of demure passiveness and humility on the floor may not long avail to save her from her turn of severe reproach. One would like to ask what sin it is that the "Scapegrace" has been guilty of, to deserve all the indignation displayed at the present moment. But this little woman has an instinctive notion that it will often be her duty to scold somebody when she grows older; so she begins to practise the art betimes,

ICE-TRAVELLING ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Winter in Canada, especially at Montreal, is a season of activity; there is much going about, and enjoying open-air sports, though agricultural labours are suspended throughout the country. Montreal holds high festival in its grand palace built of ice, with towers and battlements glistening in the bright sunshine, or in the great skating-rink, where masquerade balls are attended by thousands of dancers. "Tobogganing," on long snow slides, is a daily pastime. There are strange alterations in the mode of ordinary travelling. The River St. Lawrence becomes completely frozen over during the winter, and so solid is the ice that one of the railway companies takes advantage of the temporary bridge across the river to lay down a line, and convey all the freight of its trains by this road to the other side of the river,

so escaping the dues levied for the use of the Grand Victoria Bridge. The railway sleepers are easily and inexpensively fixed by throwing water on them and allowing it to freeze. The rough hummocks and jagged edges, standing erect, are forced into their positions through pressure, caused by immense masses of ice floating down from wider parts of the river, though even here it is about two miles wide. When the winter is breaking up, an "ice shove," or "ice jam," is sometimes a grand sight for those fortunate enough to see it. Sleigh roads are also made across the river in various directions, the way being marked by fir-trees stuck into the ice. Passengers, in their gay equipages, and sleds going to and from the "ice harvests," make the river look busy at a time when otherwise the traffic of this grand waterway is suspended. The road in our Sketch runs from "Hochelaga," a village just below Montreal, to Longueil, another village on the opposite bank. St. Helen's Island is seen mid-stream. Our Sketches are contributed by Mr. A. Elliot, of Worthing, Sussex.

OBITUARY.

SIR JAMES OLDKNOW.

Sir James Oldknow, Knight, J.P., died at his residence in Nottingham, on Jan. 4, aged sixty-six. He was son of the late Mr. John Oldknow. He was a merchant and manufacturer and an Alderman of Nottingham, of which place he served as Mayor in 1869, 1878, and 1879. The honour of Knighthood was conferred on him in 1878. He married, first, in 1841, Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. John Wilmot, of Lenton; and, secondly, in 1886, Amy, daughter of Mr. Henry Bursell.

CAPTAIN CHARLES FITZGERALD.

Captain Charles Fitzgerald, R.N., C.B., one of the oldest naval officers, died at his residence, Geraldine House, Kilkee, county Clare, on Dec. 29, aged ninety-five. His entrance into the Royal Navy dates as far back as 1809, and his first commission 1826. In 1844 he was appointed Governor of Gambia, and from 1847 to 1855 held the Governorship of Western Australia. The Companionship of the Bath was conferred on him in 1857. Captain Fitzgerald married, first, in 1837, Lucy, youngest daughter of Dr. Austin; and, secondly, in 1848, Eleanora Caroline Arabella, daughter of Mr. Cary Charles Elwes, of Great Billing, Northamptonshire.

MR. CHIPPENDALE.

Mr. William Henry Chippendale, late of the Haymarket Theatre, so long and so popular as the representative of "old men," died at Camberwell on Jan. 3, aged eighty-seven. Originally a printer, he read "Waverley" for the press, and attracted the notice of Walter Scott. His dramatic career commenced in 1819, when he appeared at Montrose as David in "The Rivals." For a long series of years after, his acting gained him great public favour. He performed successfully the parts of Sir Anthony Absolute in "The Rivals," Sir Francis Gripe in "The Busy-Body," Malvolio in "Twelfth Night," Old Adam in "As You Like It," &c.; and as "Polonius" he appeared to the "Hamlet" of Edmund Kean, Charles Kemble, Young, Macready, Vandenhoff, Charles Kean, Edwin Forrest, Barry Sullivan, Booth, Creswick, and Irving. He worked continuously at the Haymarket for twenty years, and filled for a time the post of stage manager. He retired from the stage in 1879.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Hon. Elizabeth Monck, youngest sister of the present Viscount Monck, G.C.M.G., on Jan. 5, in her sixtieth year.

Mr. Bonamy Price, the distinguished Professor of Political Economy, at Oxford, on Jan. 8, aged eighty, at his residence in London.

Mr. William Cole Beasley, Q.C., of the North-Eastern Circuit, and late Recorder of Hull, on Jan. 10, at his residence in Pimlico, aged seventy-one.

Mr. Philip Dauncey, of Horwood, Bucks, J.P., on Jan. 2, in his ninety-third year. His father, the late Mr. Philip Dauncey, K.C., was for many years leader of the Oxford Circuit.

Mr. William Crackanthorpe, of Newbiggin Hall, Westmorland, on Jan. 10, in his ninety-eighth year. He had been a Magistrate for more than sixty years, was a Liberal, and was formerly a friend of Lord Brougham.

Countess Helen Ann Tasker, a Roman Catholic lady widely known for her charities and benevolence, on Jan. 3. She was the only daughter and heiress of the late Mr. Joseph Tasker, of Middleton Hall, Brentwood, and was created a Countess by Pope Pius IX.

Alexander Dickson, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh, on Dec. 30. In 1866 he filled the Chair of Botany in Dublin, in 1868 was appointed Regius Professor in the University of Glasgow, and, in 1879, succeeded Professor Balfour in the University of Edinburgh.

Mr. Thomas Latimer, proprietor and many years editor of the *Daily Western Times*, at his residence at Exeter on Jan. 5, in his eighty-fifth year. He had for over sixty years been a leading figure in the political and journalistic life of the west of England.

Mr. W. S. Woodin, the actor and delineator of character, suddenly, at the age of sixty-two. He was son of the late Mr. Samuel Woodin and nephew of Mr. Joseph S. Woodin, the picture-dealer of Old Bond-street. His "Carpet-Bag and Sketch-Book," produced in 1852, was very successful.

Major-General Robert Roche-Franks, late Royal (Bengal) Artillery, on Jan. 3, at Addison Mansions. He was son of Mr. Mathew Franks, 11th Dragoons, by Louisa, his wife, daughter of Captain Roche, and grandson of Sir John Franks, Judge of the Supreme Court, Bengal. He entered the Bengal Artillery in 1853, and saw much service in the Mutiny.

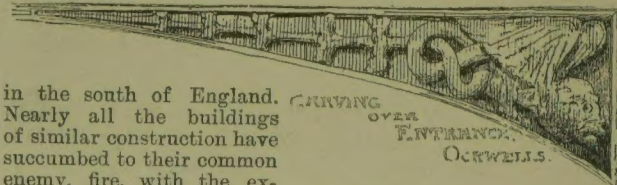
Colonel W. F. Gascoigne has been selected for the command of the 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards.

The Duke of Westminster intimated at his recent rent-audit, at Halkyn, that an abatement of 25 per cent would be allowed in the rents of all his agricultural tenants, provided they paid to his agent the full amount of the tithe due to the Rector of Halkyn. The tithes were consequently paid in every instance. Lord Fitzwilliam has intimated by letter to the tenants on his English estates that he will concede a reduction of 10 per cent on all rents for the next three years. At the rent-audit just held at Sevenoaks, Lord Stanhope returned 10 per cent to the tenants on the Chevening estate on the half-year's rent due at Michaelmas. Mr. Ellis Nanney, the owner of a large tract of country in Carnarvonshire, has issued a circular to his tenants stating that in future he will pay the whole of the tithes on his estate. Mr. Nanney will allow the tenantry 10 per cent on their payments this year. Sir George Meyrick, of Bodorgan, has also intimated he will make an all-round remission of 15 per cent on his agricultural rents. Canon Williams is also making 7½ per cent remission to his tenantry.—The following reductions of rent have been made in Lincolnshire:—Lord Carrington, 20 per cent, permanently; Lord St. Oswald, 20 per cent; Mr. T. G. Corbett's trustees, through Sir John Astley, 10 per cent; the Earl of Yarborough, 15 per cent, besides other abatements; Major Sutton, Nelthorpe, 10 per cent; and Mr. H. Chaplin, M.P., 10 per cent.

OCKWELLS.

AN OLD ENGLISH MANOR HOUSE.

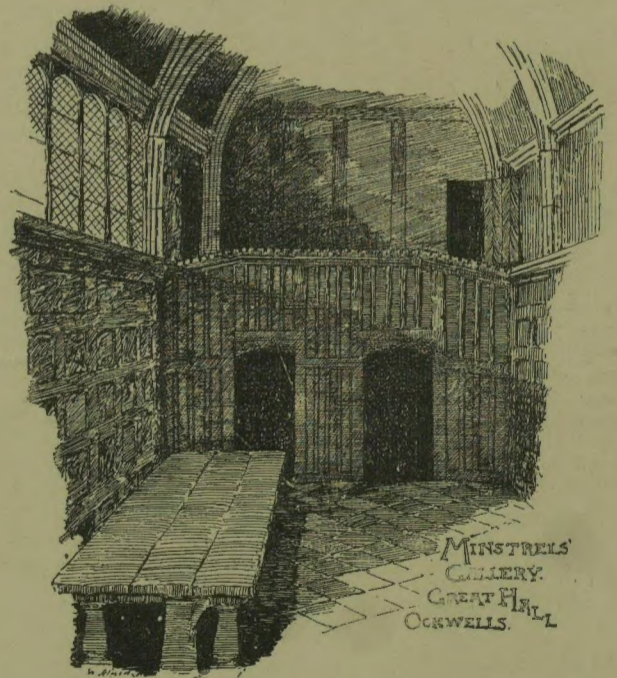
In a hollow, not two miles from Maidenhead station, lies Ockwells, a mansion seldom visited, its existence being probably unknown to most persons not dwelling in the neighbourhood. Ockwells is one of the few "timber" halls still remaining



in the south of England. Nearly all the buildings of similar construction have succumbed to their common enemy, fire, with the exception of those that were pulled down and rebuilt in the Renaissance period. The houses erected in place of these, although very beautiful, do not seem to exhibit the same vigour of design, and love of art for its own sake, that must impress even the most casual visitor to places like Ockwells.

We have Murray's authority for the statement that the building is of the time of Henry VII., although it is usually placed somewhat earlier, from the fact that antelopes appeared as supporters of the Royal arms in one of the windows of the Great Hall, an indication which would seem to give the date of Henry VI. The original Manor House was granted, in 1267, to Richard De Norreys, the cook of Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry III.; and the descendants of this same family remained at Ockwells until the end of the last century. The Great Hall formerly contained a series of stained-glass windows, in which the Norreys arms were frequently repeated, with the beaver, and the motto "Feythfully serve," together with the arms of Queen Margaret, with the antelope and the eagle; the arms of the Abbots of Westminster and Abingdon, the Beauforts of Somerset, the Earl of March, Henry Duke of Warwick, the De La Poles, Dukes of Sussex, and others. The owner was wise enough to remove this glass, some fifteen years ago, to his own residence, not very far away, and this was a wise course of action, judging from the present smashed condition of the white panes of glass which have taken the place of those beautiful relics of what is now practically a lost art. A recent action in the Law Courts, concerning the ownership of the old glass, has brought the name of Ockwells once more before the notice of the public. There is a general notion abroad, strengthened by a statement made in one of the newspapers, that this wonderful specimen of mediæval work is to be pulled down shortly. We cannot but hope that this report may be without foundation; but if any measures are to be taken to save the building, they must be taken at once, for the place is fast falling into ruin and decay.

The approach to the house at the present time is through a kind of farmyard, for the place has been used as a farmhouse since the beginning of the century. It is melancholy to see a mass of weeds and rank grass taking the place of what was once, no doubt, the neatly-kept approach to the front entrance of the building. The whole place, from the exquisite "barge-boards" in the gables, to the moss-grown red bricks at the foot, conveys a mournful impression of age and decay. On entering from the porch (on one side of which a room is turned into a fowl-house), the visitor passes through a narrow corridor, lighted continuously, all along one side, and after two or three sharp turnings, he finds himself in a spacious lobby. On the right-hand side of this space we find the only inhabited portion of the house, while opposite is the staircase, and on the left the Great



Hall. A glimpse of this part of the building is alone worth the journey to Ockwells. It is still a wonderfully lofty room, though the beautiful open timber roof has been hidden by a flat plaster ceiling, taken across just above the tops of the windows. There is, nevertheless, quite enough left of the original Great Hall to make it easy for us to recall the days when the panelling was decorated with historic armour; when the upper portions of the wall, now gaunt and bare, were hidden by rich hangings of gorgeous tapestry; and when, most beautiful of all, the sunshine streamed into the vast room, through the casements stained with every variety of exquisite colouring. Now, unhappily, the walls are bare, the panelling bleached and cracking in all directions; while the floor is smashed and destroyed on every side, and pieces of creeper have found their way through the broken panes of the bay window. There still remains the old minstrels' gallery, at the lower end; and through the doors beneath, the servants must have brought the food, supplying the banquets which were served on the identical table, still in existence, in the hall.

The next point of interest will probably be the staircase, which, although later in date than the rest of the house, is still undoubtedly picturesque. After ascending the stairs, the visitor lands in the midst of several more of these lighted corridors, one of which leads into the minstrels' gallery. There are various rooms of more or less interest on the upper floor. In one of them, a deer's head remains still fastened to the wall, and near it there hangs a quaint old saddle, made out of a sort of silver-grey cloth. On the window-sill of this same room are two or three fragments of chain armour, deeply encrusted in rust, and on the floor a pair of curious old riding-boots, which have apparently been deliberately cut to pieces by

some person unknown. All the floors in this upper portion of the house are marvellously uneven, and here and there the levels change in the most astonishing manner.

The quantity of timber, dry as touchwood, forming the bulk of the building, makes one shudder to think what the effect of an accidental spark might be; but we must hope for the best. Perhaps a few timely steps taken by the present owner would save the place from the inevitable decay which has now overtaken it. If it be true that the days of Ockwells have been numbered, and that the beautiful old place has been doomed to immediate destruction, our readers will do wisely to make a point of visiting this rare old English manor house without delay. Ockwells will be found well worth seeing, if only to obtain, before it vanishes from the face of this earth for ever, some idea of the sort of building that was done in England in those so-called "dark ages," when every workman loved his work, and was a master of his craft.

BURNING OF THE BOLTON THEATRE.

The Theatre Royal, Bolton, was destroyed by fire on the night of Jan. 3. The theatre, where the pantomime of "Blue Beard" was being played, was safe at midnight, the usual inspection having been made after the performance. About one o'clock a policeman saw flames shooting up from the roof and gave an alarm. The fire brigade were speedily in attendance, and worked to save the building. The flames defied their efforts, and after the fire had burned three hours the roof fell in. The building was burned out, all the properties being destroyed. The loss is estimated at not less than £15,000. Adjoining the theatre was the Star Hotel. The inmates, among whom great alarm prevailed, were rescued from the upper windows. The hotel was, however, saved. A number of sheep and oxen in adjoining stables were burned to death. In addition to the loss of the buildings, the artists had all their wardrobe destroyed, and 250 persons (among them two from the Grand Theatre, Islington) were thrown out of employment. The theatre was recently enlarged and fitted up with automatic sprinklers, which were found afterwards to have had the communications cut off. Incendiarism is suspected; and this supposition is strengthened by the discovery that the office had been forced with a pickaxe and chisel, evidently with the object of getting at the safe. A constable was told, a few days before, that the proprietor of the theatre would "catch it hot" within a week, for supporting the authorities in maintaining extra police in the town during the recent strike disturbances. Mr. J. F. Elliston, the proprietor or lessee, was a member of the Bolton Town Council. Our view of the front, not destroyed by the fire, is from a sketch by Mr. A. Heaton Cooper.

BRIGANDAGE IN BULGARIA.

Some Illustrations of the continual disturbance of the frontiers of Bulgaria, as well on the Servian as on the Russian side, by the attempts to smuggle in arms and ammunition, or to introduce bands of conspirators, in hostility to the Bulgarian National Government, recently appeared in this Journal. One evil consequence of these foreign malpractices, and of the uneasiness which they have excited in the Principality, has been the local outbreaks of brigandage, not perpetrated by any native Bulgarians, certainly, but by roving parties of men from neighbouring countries, the Montenegrins being credited with some of these acts of violence and rapine. Ten men were lately condemned, at Sofia, to fifteen years' imprisonment with hard labour, for robberies committed in May last, near Kustendje. At Eski Zagra, in the Balkans, Eastern Roumelia, a band of twenty outlaws attacked a detachment of gendarmes, but were beaten off after a short conflict. Near Bourgas, on the Black Sea coast, a band of strangers, led by a Russian, formerly a captain in the Bulgarian army and one of those who conspired against Prince Alexander, landed on a steam-boat, and endeavoured to get up a revolt among the villagers. They were soon put to flight by the troops, and ten were killed, but the leaders made their escape. It may be considered, indeed, that these were not mere brigands, but men hired for an unlawful attempt to overthrow the existing Government. On the south and south-west side, adjoining Macedonia and other Turkish provinces, bandits are ever ready to seize their opportunity. The Sketches furnished by our Correspondent were taken not far from the Servian frontier. The geographical position of Bulgaria, inclosed between so many bordering States, which cannot maintain a very efficient police, and which give harbour, perhaps unwillingly, to various enemies of the existing Government, is beset with difficulties in preserving its own people from molestation. It is most desirable that Servia should follow the good example of Roumania in exerting more active care to prevent these incursions.

With reference to the landing and capture of a revolutionary band in Bulgaria, it appears that the Prince of Montenegro had sent to the Porte information of the intention of a number of Montenegrins to effect a landing on the coast of Roumelia. The Bulgarian Government, having established a military telegraph, was advised in time of the scheme; and the band of seventy men, on landing near the village of Kiuprulu, was immediately surrounded and dispersed by a detachment of Bulgarian troops. The expedition, which was under the command of the Bulgarian ex-Captains Boyanoff, Goronoff, and Brakaloff, is stated to have been organised by M. Zankoff, at the Russian monastery in the Galata quarter of Constantinople.

On the subject of the Women's Jubilee Offering and the Royal disposal of the surplus a correspondent writes as follows:—The occasion seems eminently to be one for the extension of the Cottage Hospital system for the benefit of groups of villages at a distance from infirmaries and dispensaries. These little buildings (which might be called Victoria Hospitals) would form centres from which the new Sisters of the Poor would work, and head-quarters at the same time. The cost of erection, which need not be great, would be met by local donations and offertories, and in many cases existing cottages could be altered to satisfy the necessary requirements.

The *Publishers' Circular* states that 4410 new books and 1276 new editions were published in the past year, compared with 3984 new books and 1226 new editions in the previous year. Theology shows an increase of sixty or seventy on the last return, more than a hundred educational works over the product of 1886, while in juvenile works the increase is less marked. Novels keep up to their average of more than two per diem, Sundays included. Politico-economical books are less in number than usual, which is also the case in the department of arts and sciences, which includes illustrated volumes. In voyages, exploration, and books descriptive of countries, we find about fifty new books recorded more than for 1886, while in history and biography there is a notable rise in the issue of new works—over a hundred. Poetry and the drama are about equally represented with last year. In medicine and surgery, in belles-lettres and essays, as also in miscellaneous publications, a slight increase of production is shown.

THE ONLY LASTING PLEASURE IN THIS LIFE IS CONTEMPLATION.

A SMILE.—The cloud must be dark, or the cup very bitter, that a Smile (of Love) cannot enter or sweeten.



'When Love speaks, the voice of all the gods makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.'

SHAKESPEARE.

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE, ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" AND "VEGETABLE MOTO" WILL BE FOUND TO BE AN IMPERATIVE HYGIENIC NEED, or Necessary Adjunct; they keep the blood pure, prevent fevers and acute inflammatory diseases, and remove the injurious effects arising from stimulants and narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, and coffee. By natural means they thus restore the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over cerebral activity, nervousness, irritability, worry, &c.

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CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

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ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO" (A Stomach or Liver Pill).—This is as simple and natural in its action as tomato, yet as superior to mineral or vegetable mercury (Podophyllin) as vaseline and glycerine are to the ordinary greasy compounds. It is a pure vegetable extract, simple, natural, and certain hepatic (liver) stimulant, or as a laxative, stomachic, blood, brain, nerve, bile, or liver tonic it will be found everything you could wish for, creating and sustaining a natural action of the stomach, bowels, and biliary secretions, &c., and (when necessary) in conjunction with ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is invaluable in Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Gout, Suppressed Gout, Rheumatism, Female Ailments, Suppressed Secretions, &c. Head Affections, Nervousness, Sleeplessness from liver derangement, Flatulence, Wind on the Stomach, at the commencement of Coughs and Colds, Blood Poisons and their kindred evils are prevented and cured by their use.

A GENTLEMAN WRITES:—"Dec. 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them, in my opinion. THEY HAVE NEVER FAILED to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'—Yours gratefully, ONE WHO KNOWS."

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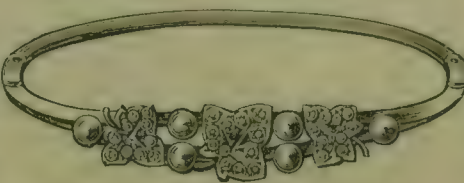
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BRIGANDAGE IN BULGARIA.



BURNING OF THE BOLTON THEATRE: THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRE.

THE ENTRANCE FRONT.



“OCKWELLS”
BERKS.



A
MEDIEVAL
MANSION.

ERECTED A.D. 1460.

ROYAL HUMANE SOCIETY.

Sir William Fraser presided on Jan. 10 at the annual court of this society, which was held at the society's offices, Trafalgar-square, Charing-cross. The 114th annual report, read by the secretary (Captain J. W. Home), states that 533 persons had been rewarded during the past twelve months for saving or attempting to save life. One gold, six silver, and 140 bronze medals had been awarded, in addition to seven clasps, 198 testimonials on vellum, 143 on parchment, and 41 pecuniary rewards with certificates. During the past year there had been 467 cases of saving or attempting to save life from drowning. The efforts of 533 persons who had been rewarded by the society showed a result of 540 persons rescued out of 576. During the past year 48 of the society's honorary rewards were given to the Royal Navy, naval reserve, and coastguard, 36 to the army and reserve forces, and 46 to the English and Irish police. The report further stated that the Metropolitan Police had never been more active in saving life from drowning than during the past year, 163 persons were saved from drowning by their boatmen, six persons found drowned, and eight others saved in attempting to commit suicide. The Stanhope gold medal for the most meritorious case of saving life from drowning during the year, the selection being made from those cases in which the society's silver medal had already been given, was bestowed upon Mr. Hedley Hill, who, on Oct. 18, saved the life of a girl who, in the darkness of the evening, walked by mistake into the Avon at Bristol. The silver medal, given by the Duke of Cambridge for proficiency in swimming, with the purpose of saving life, was given to C. Creagh Donovan, Royal Naval School.

Sir George William Morrison, Town Clerk of Leeds, is, we are informed, the youngest Knight in the United Kingdom.

Mist and fog have been prevalent over the greater part of England, half of Ireland, and over Denmark, Germany, and France.

A new Presbyterian church, erected at a cost of £12,000, and designed to accommodate 700 persons, has been opened in Bournemouth. The pastor is the Rev. W. J. Rodger formerly of Wolverhampton.

DEATH.

On Dec. 30, at 69, Cambridge-terrace, Hyde Park, of acute pneumonia, the very dearly beloved wife of Colonel F. Gordon Watson, of Wyndford House, Hyde, Isle of Wight, and daughter of James Theobald, Esq., of Hyde Abbey, Winchester, and Grays, Essex.

The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

NEW CASE FOR BINDING VOLUMES OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

A New Case, handsomely blocked in gold and black, has been prepared, and may be had, price Half-a-Crown, from all Booksellers and Newsagents; or from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG. R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return." 2. "On the Mountains." 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERY, 168, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

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Tickets and places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, one month in advance. No fees of any description. Children under Twelve admitted to all Parts of the Hall (Gallery excepted) at Half-Price.

Second Edition of "The Argosy," for January. **THE STORY OF CHARLES STRANGE**. A New Illustrated Serial Story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," commences in "THE ARGOSY" for JANUARY.

Second Edition. **THE ARGOSY for JANUARY**. Edited by CHARLES W. WOOD. Contents:

1. THE STORY OF CHARLES STRANGE. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne." Chap. I.—Early days. Chap. II.—Changes. Chap. III.—Mr. Sergeant Stillingfar. Illustrated by M. Ellen Edwards.
2. PROFESSOR MACAIREN. By C. A. M. cirone.
3. STORIES FROM THE STUDIOS: THE FIVE MR. FYTTONS. By S. E. Waller.
4. LETTERS FROM MAJORCA. By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S. With Seven Illustrations.
5. DREAMLAND. By Sydney Grey.
6. POOR AUNT DEB. By Jane Mason.
7. MR. GORDON, SPECIALIST. By E. Edersheim.
8. A SURPRISE.

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Third Edition, post-free, twelve stamps. **SKIN DISEASES. Eczema, Psoriasis, Acne, &c.** A Practical Treatise, explaining the Causes, Treatment, and CURE of these Diseases, with Directions for Diet and Baths. By Dr. S. BERRY NIBLETT, Published by Mr. WILLIAMS, 10, Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park, London.

COLOURED SUPPLEMENT.

The picture by Mr. Edwin Douglas, which is reproduced in its colours, as painted, for the Extra Supplement given with this week's *Illustrated London News*, represents three young hounds of frolicsome disposition, tumbling over their master's fine scarlet hunting-coat, and getting the upper hand of his formidable hunting-whip. They are likely enough to find themselves in disgrace, and perhaps in danger of punishment, for these irreverent freaks: as it is needful to begin early with the enforcement of discipline in the education of such animals, and to subdue their natural sauciness before admitting them to the pack. But, for the moment, their gambols are diverting, if not quite harmless, and one is inclined to sympathise with doggish infancy in the fun enjoyed by this lively group of young ones.

The number of emigrants from Germany last year up to the end of November was 97,247, or about 20,000 more than in 1886, but 7700 fewer than in 1885.

The officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Field Battery, Hon. Artillery Company, announce that a Battery Smoking Concert will be held at Headquarters on Thursday evening, Feb. 16, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, Captain-General and Colonel. The Duke of Portland, Lieutenant-Colonel, has consented to take the chair. Many artists have promised to assist. Tickets, half-a-guinea each, to be obtained of the Hon. Sec., 7, Campden-hill-gardens, Kensington.

The Board of Trade have received a gold watch and chain and a gold medal, which have been respectively awarded by the President of the United States to Captain H. Steele, master, and Reinhold Peterson, first mate, of the British barque Scots Bay, of Windsor, N.S., in recognition of their humane services in rescuing the crew of the American schooner Marcus A. Davis, on March 24, 1887.—The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular-glass to Captain F. Asmus, master of the German barque Livingstone, of Hamburg, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to the shipwrecked crew of the British barque Mora, of Glasgow, whom he picked up in the South Atlantic, after the abandonment of their vessel, on Sept. 13 last.

TWELFTH-NIGHT CELEBRATIONS.

The time-honoured ceremony of cutting the Baddeley cake was performed at Drury-Lane on the night of Jan. 6, after the elaborate and sumptuous fashion which Mr. Augustus Harris has now made a pleasant tradition of his theatre. The curtain had not long fallen upon the last scene of "Puss in Boots" before Mr. Harris's numerous guests began to arrive, assembling first in the passages adjoining the saloon, and afterwards proceeding to the stalls, which had been cleared for the occasion. The curtain then rose and disclosed the stage, on which were ranged, tier upon tier, the tables at which the subsequent supper was to be enjoyed. A centre of interest was the Baddeley cake itself, on which, and on its origin, Mr. Fernandez offered some interesting observations. Mr. Harris thereafter, in a few genial sentences, invited the company present to occupy the stage, and to discuss not only the Baddeley confectionery, but the good cheer surrounding it. An hour or so later the "boards" were partially cleared, and dancing began both there and on the floor of the house. The band of the Second Life Guards was in attendance throughout the entertainment.

Baddeley's famous bequest to "the ladies and gentlemen of Drury-Lane" received recognition at Covent-Garden Theatre also, Messrs. Freeman Thomas and W. J. Purkiss having invited a large company to join in the consumption of a Baddeley cake, and to share in further hospitality of a more exhilarating nature. Dancing was a principal item of the programme, and was indulged in with spirit.

Jan. 11 being the first day of the Hilary sittings, the Courts reassembled after the Christmas vacation. In the Queen's Bench Division eleven Judges sat, there being two banco and six nisi prius courts, while Mr. Justice Cave heard bankruptcy motions.

Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," the last volume issued of Cassell's National Library, is printed in a clear type, and is singularly free from errors of the press, as indeed are all the works of this admirable series. It is prefaced by a brief introduction by Professor Henry Morley; and Adonais, The Cloud, Hymn to Intellectual Beauty, and An Exhortation, also by Shelley, complete the volume.

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Class 151, 1811 guineas. Class 152, 1823 guineas. Class 153, 1835 guineas.
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Class 586, 7031 guineas. Class 587, 7043 guineas. Class 588, 7055 guineas.
Class 589, 7067 guineas. Class 590, 7079 guineas. Class 591



Miss Peggy, taking her banjo from its case, at once found a hook where it could hang.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT. BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER III.

"By the rushy fringed bank
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank
My sliding chariot stays."

"There's my dear! There's my pretty one!" cries Queen Titania, as we drive up to Waterloo Station; forthwith one catches sight of a tall young lady, bright-eyed and smiling, coming quickly towards the cab; the next instant the two friends are together on the platform, kissing each other in the wasteful and foolish fashion peculiar to women. To the humble bystander it is left to regard Miss Peggy's costume, which is quite admirable in its neatness and apparent inexpensiveness; of navy blue serge it is, with the jacket open in front and showing a vest of soft white merino with silver buttons. At present she wears a bonnet and gloves; but we know that she has with her a sailor's hat of cream-white straw; and we hope in due time, on board ship, to teach her the usefulness of bare hands.

The luggage having been looked after, the three of us get into a carriage.

"No, Peggy," says Queen Tita, gravely; "you needn't look round. He isn't here."

"Oh," says Peggy, with reproachful eyes, "as if I wanted anybody but you."

Therewith she takes her friend's hand in both of hers and presses it most affectionately; and then, sidling close to her on the seat, she interlinks their arms, and hugs her tightly, just as if these two were determined to go through the world together, unheeding all the rest of mankind. And as for the third person in this railway-carriage? Oh, his share in the whole performance is to pay. He may have laboured days and nights to get everything in readiness; he may have worn his eyes out in the perusal of Ordnance Survey maps; he may have spent untold gold on tinned meats and biscuits; and now he is no more account; he may, if he pleases, buy a penny newspaper, retire into a corner of the carriage, and read the Parliamentary reports. But there is one reflection that cannot escape him: which is, that endearments between women are the foolishhest things on the face of this earth. They impose on no one. They afford no possible kind of satisfaction to the recipient of them; and there is not a man alive who does not see that they are a mere hollow pretence.

To return to business: our start, after all, was rather a haphazard affair, because some of our arrangements had broken down at the last moment. For one thing, the factotum of a steward provided by Jack Duncombe proved to be much

too astute a person for simple folk like us. Doubtless he knew a great deal more about the Thames and about house-boats than we did; and we were willing, in a measure, to be instructed; but when it came to innumerable conditions and half-hinted stipulations, we had to point out to him, gently but firmly, that we did not at all look upon his going with us in the light of an obligation. Finally we had politely to request him to betake himself to the outermost edge of Limbo, himself and all his idiotic requirements; and then says Mrs. Threepenny-bit

"Why, you know who are the only obliging race of people we have ever met! Where do we ever get courtesy and kindness and goodwill except in the West Highlands? If I were you I would send right away for Murdoch."

"A Highland steward on the Thames!"

"At all events he will be good-natured, and obliging, and pleasant-mannered. I'd rather have him on board than any of the confectioner-creatures you see at Henley Regatta. And so would you, Peggy, I know; for he is very good-looking, and you could fall back on him if there was no one else."

"Why do you say such things of me?" says our poor injured Peggy.

However, it was there and then resolved to send for Murdoch Maclean, of Tobermory, in the island of Mull; who came—sadly bewildered by the size and roar of London; and was at once sent on to Kingston. Thither also Jack Duncombe had gone down; for there was some little trouble about getting a man and horse to tow us up to Oxford—where more permanent arrangements were to be made. Thus it was that we three set forth by ourselves: two of us making ostentatious display of their silly affection for each other; the third driven in self-defence to the invertebrate garrulities of the House of Commons.

As the train slowed into Kingston Station, we perceived a young gentleman eagerly scanning the carriages. He was a straight-limbed, slimly-built young fellow, of pale complexion, with good features, intelligent grey eyes, chestnut-brown hair, and a small brown moustache. He wore a blue jacket, white ducks, and yachting-shoes.

"Peggy," said the elder of the two women, as they stepped out and on to the platform, "let me introduce to you Mr. Duncombe—Miss Rosslyn."

The quick look of surprise that appeared on the young man's face! Had our familiar speaking about Peggy deceived him? Perhaps he was not prepared to find this American young lady so distinguished-looking, and so calm and self-possessed; to say nothing of the observant, direct glance of her clear shining eyes. Miss Peggy bowed complacently and not unkindly; and the young man, recovering a little from his embarrassment, turned to his hostess and explained that he had a youth below and a barrow for the transference of our

luggage, and that he had left Murdoch in charge of the boat. Then these two, the luggage having been carried down, walked on ahead; leaving Miss Peggy to follow with the only companion left her.

"Well?" one says to her, by way of encouragement and inquiry. She does not care to look up in answer; you would think she was quite interested in the dusty road before her.

"Well?" And then Miss Peggy slowly raises her eyes, when she has had time to make them quite inscrutable. It is a trick she has when she dares you to read any meaning in them.

"Well?"

"What is it?" she says, with the most beautiful innocence; though there is the smallest, faintest curve at the end of her lips that speaks of a dark concealment.

"What do you think of him?"

"Of your friend?" she says artlessly; and she glances ahead. "Oh, well. I think he is rather good-looking; that is all one can say as yet."

"Miss Peggy, are you going to let him alone?"

Again the plaintive, injured look.

"I didn't think you were going to accuse me of such things, even in fun. You are always kind to me—and—and defending me against everybody. Besides, didn't I tell you you would see for yourself, all the day long, how well I behave?"

"But you mustn't behave too well, Miss Peggy; that would never do; we might begin to think you had some definite kind of a character about you. Don't you know what made that small woman there determined to inveigle you into going with us? It was because you had no angles of character at all: because you were nothing but simply nice."

"Did she say I was nice?" she inquires, with a touch of shyness.

"She did."

"And did you agree with her?" asks this bold hussy—showing what her shyness is worth.

"I? Oh, well, that's asking questions, and too soon. You know what the man said who went off in a balloon by himself; he said 'This is very nice, I hope!' We'll see, Miss Peggy. We'll have a little scrutiny of your conduct before saying anything definite. We'll give you a written warranty afterwards."

"And that is all you trust me?" says Miss Peggy, looking very, very much hurt and aggrieved. "Well, then, I will tell you this: sometimes I imagine it is you who say all those wicked things about me, while professing to be my friend the whole time. I believe it is your wife who is my real friend; and that it is you who put suspicions into her mind. But I will show you how wrong you are. I will just show you how wrong you are. And then, when you are heartily ashamed of yourself, I hope you will apologise."

"I will."

At this moment Miss Peggy is regarding those other two in front: a smile begins to hover about her lips; the faintest dimple appears in her cheek; but her eyes are inscrutably grave. She turns towards her companion.

"Yes; he is rather good-looking. Don't you think so?" she says.

"You villain!"

No other protest is possible; for here we are down at the river; and there is the long white thing—an elongated Noah's Ark—a white-washed gondola it seems—that is to be our home for many a day. And here is Murdoch come ashore—a sailor-like, sunburned young fellow, who has made himself smart in his steward suit and peaked cap; he is very bashful before the young lady stranger; he waits to be spoken to by Queen Tita, who is an old friend and seafaring comrade of his.

"Well, Murdoch," says she, "and what do you think of the boat, now you have seen her?"

Murdoch glances towards the Nameless Barge with evident disfavour; but he is too courteous to say anything too disparaging.

"I thought, Mem, it wass to be a yat," he says, still regarding that long white eel of a thing.

"A yacht? Oh, no. We couldn't take a yacht away inland. Why," she says, with a smile, looking at him, "I believe you are quite disappointed!"

"Oh, no, Mem. Maybe it is a good boat for the purpose maybe it uz. But I would not like for us to be going round Ru Humish in that."

"I dare say not. But she could lie at anchor well enough in the Sound of Ulva, couldn't she? You remember the place, Murdoch?"

There is a quick look of pleasure in Murdoch's clear, dark-blue eyes.

"Ay, indeed, Mem; it wass many's the time we were in there; and a nice place it wass to be in, Mem, when the Gometra men did not forget to bring us bread from the steamer."

"Murdoch, this is Miss Rosslyn; she is an American young lady, who wants to see all about England, you know; and you'll have to do everything to make her comfortable while she is on board."

"Oh, yes, Mem; but I wish the young ledy wass going with us on a yat, Mem," says Murdoch, rather pathetically: it is clear that he regards our present expedition as a sad falling off from others he has known in former days.

Queen Tita looks at him and laughs a little.

"I do really believe, Murdoch, you are sorry you came south!"



"Oh, no, Mem; indeed not that, Mem," says this bashful-eyed young fellow (who would scarcely even look Peggy's way). "I am sure I do not care what kind of a boat it is, if you will ask me to go, Mem; and it's ferry glad I am to be going with you, Mem, whatever the kind of boat."

It was a pretty speech, in intention; and may have helped to put that sprat of a creature into an amiable frame of mind. At all events, when we got the two women bundled on board, disappointment was not the mood in which they took possession of their new quarters. They were simply delighted with everything; could not express their admiration of all the cunning little arrangements; must needs ransack the pantry, and overhaul the cooking apparatus; were astonished at the convenience and snugness of the berths; and then, when it was intimated to them that the saloon forward, when not required for meals, was to be their own especial boudoir, into which meaner members of the company might occasionally be admitted on invitation, you should have seen how naturally Queen Tita began to roll up the red silk blinds of the small windows, so as to let plenty of light in, and Miss Peggy, taking her banjo from its case, at once found a hook where it could hang.

"We must get some flowers for the table," says Peggy.

"God grant I have no need of thee!" says her friend, addressing the waterproof that she is folding up for stowage in the rack.

They were at home at once. They sat down opposite each other, to admire all the cheap Tottenham-court-road finery around them—the Utrecht velvet cushions, the mirrors, the sconces, and what not; and they had no word of complaint against the character of the decoration.

"Well, I do think this is very comfortable," says the elder of them.

"I call it perfectly charming," says the younger.

"I am sure we are very much obliged to Mr. Duncombe—where is he?" And then she cries: "Why, I declare we're moving!"

There could be no doubt of the fact; for a glance out at the forward window showed that we were being towed across the river by a small boat pulled by two men. And of course the women must needs see the start; and as that forward window was found to open on to a space of deck at the bow, they had no difficulty in getting out there, and commanding an excellent view of all that was going on.

Where was Jack Duncombe all this time? Why, he was steering. He was responsible for all the arrangements of our setting-forth; and his air was serious, not to say important. He had neither word nor look for the women-folk; and they, of course, knew better than to talk to the man at the wheel. They humbly looked on as he got the boat close to the bank, and, springing ashore, proceeded to get ready the towing-line. The horse, adorned with bows of ribbon, was there, waiting; so was the driver. We should start in a minute at furthest.

But alas! for our assiduous and serious-eyed young friend. No sooner is the line attached than the gaily-decorated steed appears to think he ought to do something; and what he does is far from what we want him to do. He proceeds to dance around on his hind legs, scattering the small boys who have assembled, and paying no heed at all to the man, who clings desperately to his head. It is a humiliating spectacle—a beast pawing the air in that fashion, as if he were imitating a bear at a show. Our women-folk are too ashamed to laugh; but Mr. Duncombe, no doubt, assumes that they are laughing; and very angry he becomes.

"Wo! you confounded beast! Come down, you brute!" And then he says to the man, "What did your master mean by sending us a fool of a horse like this? We're not going to take a circus through the country. This is a nice sort of creature for a canal tow-path!"

Then, amid these gambols, *crack!* goes something.

"Look here, now!" our young friend calls to the driver, who is still hanging on to the animal's head. "Here is this thing broken! You'll have to go back. Take this kangaroo home, and bring us a horse. Get away, you idiot!"

This last ejaculation is caused by his having to skip aside from the lively pair of heels—an undignified movement, at the best. The driver, a tall young man, gaunt of face, clad in a suit of pilot cloth, and wearing a skipper's hat—we called him Palinurus the moment we set eyes on him—proceeds to unhitch the rope from the broken harness, and then, in a melancholy manner, leads away the disgraced, beribboned prancer. Jack Duncombe comes on board. The women don't say anything. He pretends that all is not quite ready for our departure. He consults Murdoch about the stowage of the portmanteaus; and then these two disappear within the Noah's Ark. The women's faces remain demure.

And yet we made a sufficiently pleasant start, after all, when a second horse—a large-boned white animal, with bushy mane and tail—was brought along and yoked; and glad enough were we when the vibration of the long, tight line and the swishing of water at the bows told us we were really off. It was a cheerful morning, too; for if there was no positive sunlight, there was a white glare of heat; the birds were twittering everywhere; the swallows skimming and darting over the surface of the silver-rippling river. Of course this was rather a well-known panorama that was now gliding silently by—the Surbiton villas among their abundant gardens—with here and there a boating party embarking, and here and there a rose-red sunshade visible under the young green of the trees; and, indeed, some of us may have been wishing that we could get the Thames part of our voyage over and done with, and set forth upon less familiar waters. But this we had to remember, that with us was a young American stranger, to whom everything was new, who had an eager interest in places with historical associations, and who was most amiably disposed to be pleased with everything she saw. Hampton Court was not at all "Appy Ampton" for our Miss Peggy, it was the palace that Henry VIII. gave to Cardinal Wolsey, and she seemed surprised that we did not propose to stop at a place enriched with so many memories.

"Well," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, in the midst of our learned discourse, "I am going inside to talk to Murdoch about lunch. You," she says, to the humble chronicler of these events, "you can stay here and entertain Peggy with English history. History—yes—that's what they call it."

"What does she mean?" says Peggy, with artless eyes.

But just as if to rebuke the malignant levity of women—who think of nothing but their own wretched little jibes and jeers among the serious cares and duties of life—not more than a minute after that we found ourselves out in the middle of the river Thames, helplessly adrift, and with no visible means of reaching either shore. For at Hampton Court the tow-path changes to the Surrey side; Palinurus had unhitched the line without leaving sufficient way on the boat to enable us to shoot the bridge; we had no oars; and the two poles we had on board could not reach the bottom. This was a pleasant predicament; and yet here was one woman looking on in mild amusement at our frantic efforts to save her worthless life; and the other woman, rejoicing, no doubt, in the feeble sarcasm with which she took her leave, busy with such inanities as plovers' eggs and pigeon-pie. By what superhuman endeavours we got that boat over to the other shore needs not to be described here; we found Palinurus peacefully, if furtively, smoking his pipe; and Coriolanus—

why we called him Coriolanus we never could make out; but it seemed natural, somehow—Coriolanus was nibbling at the grass on the bank. Presently, the line had been attached again, and our silent progress resumed; and then, when we had disposed of the rough-and-tumble business of getting through Moulsey Lock, a silver tinkling was heard within, which we knew to be Murdoch's summons to lunch; and Miss Peggy, forsaking history—yes; history—for the moment, was pleased to descend from her commanding position at the prow, and take her place at the oblong little table in the saloon.

Now this was the first occasion on which those two young people had really been thrown into each other's society; and it may be said at once that Queen Tita's fears, if she had ever seriously entertained any, ought to have been dissipated forthwith. Miss Peggy took not the least notice of the young man, she did not even look his way; you would have thought she was not aware of his existence. You see, she was much



He proceeds to dance around on his hind legs.

interested in hearing about Cardinal Wolsey's gold and silver plate, and his more than regal hospitalities; and she was very curious about the gentlewomen who now occupy rooms in Hampton Court Palace; and wanted to know all about their circumstances and ways of life. As for Jack Duncombe, he devoted himself entirely to his hostess; and of course he talked of nothing but this blessed boat.

"Well, you know," he was saying, "we must make little mistakes sometimes; an excursion of this kind can't be done right off the reel. If it had been quite easy to do, everybody would have done it. And, besides, this isn't the least like an ordinary house-boat. The ordinary house-boat, as you know, is a great big unwieldy thing, with a square stem; you don't go voyages in her; you contract to get her moved for you, when you want her moved; and then you take down your party of friends, and have sky-larkings. I suppose the builder fancied those boat-hooks would be long enough for all practical purposes; but wait till we get to Staines, and then I'll look about for a right sort of pole. We live and learn. If the people at Hampton Court thought us duffers, they were welcome. We got the boat across, anyway."

"Oh, but you mustn't apologise," she says kindly. "I'm sure our start has been most successful. And I'm sure, too, that Miss Rosslyn will be delighted with our English scenery, just when it is at its freshest and brightest."

Miss Rosslyn was engaged at the moment—with history.

"It will be far more interesting," the young man said, "when we get away into the unknown districts. It will be the most solitary expedition you can imagine. You know, the railways have in many places bought up the canals; and these are almost disused now; if we only can get along, it will be the loneliest trip you ever tried. I hope we are all very good-natured."

"Peggy," she says suddenly, "are you very good-natured?"

Peggy looks up, startled.

"No, thank you; I won't have anything more," she says.

And then—not noticing the fiendish grin on the face of the woman who pretends to be her friend—Miss Peggy continues—

"Oh, isn't it beautiful!—and the delicious silence—you can't tell how you are going—it feels like a kind of enchantment. That window," she says, regarding the larger one at the bow, "has just the proportions of an upright landscape; and if you sit where I am, you see simply a succession of Corots—those tall poplars, and the glassy stream, and the white sky. I could not have imagined anything so delightful. It is like being wafted through the air!"

"If you've all finished," says Jack Duncombe—to whom Miss Peggy's remarks were not addressed—"I'll take a turn at the tiller, and let Murdoch come in to clear away."

So we left the women to the enjoyment of their Corots—or to helping Murdoch, as they felt inclined; and betook ourselves to cigars and steering astern.

Well, it was pleasant enough; the gentle motion; the silence—save for the thrushes and blackbirds; the suffused sunlight, the cool swish of the water along the boat; the gliding by of the placid English landscape, green with the verdure of the opening summer. And perhaps we enjoyed this luxurious idleness all the more that we knew there were harder days ahead of us—days of fighting with low bridges, and opening and closing untended locks; days of distant wanderings and privation, perhaps of anxious responsibility and care. At present our duties were mostly confined to taking a turn at the helm; for as the steersman had to stand on an improvised thwart in order to see over the roof of the house—with his arms supported by the iron stanchions meant for an awning—that spreadeagle attitude could not be maintained for any great length of time. Of course, we ought to have had gear arranged by which the boat could have been steered from the forward deck; but we could not think of everything at the last moment; besides, why should the occupants of the cabin have their Corots spoiled for them by the interposition of a man's legs?

But if our adventure at Hampton Court was unfortunate, our escapade at Shepperton was entirely lamentable and ignominious. Here the tow-path shifts to the Middlesex side,

and the horse has to cross by ferry; and here, once more, Palinurus detaching the rope prematurely, we were left helpless in mid-stream, with a strong current carrying us down. Now, a man may use a boat-hook as an oar, even as he may use a walking-stick in place of an umbrella; but neither will avail him much; accordingly, we found ourselves drifting broadside on to an island.

"Kott pless me!" we heard Murdoch muttering to himself as he was vainly endeavouring to reach the bottom with one of these sticks. "What is to be done with a boat like *this*?"

Then a man comes running along the bank.

"Throw us a line, guv'nor!"

Jack Duncombe, who is at the bow, coils up the towing-rope, and heaves it, just getting it ashore. The next instant our opportune friend (his soul no doubt exultant with hopes of a shilling and subsequent beer) has got the line looped round his shoulders; gradually he gets a little way on the boat; Murdoch has to take the tiller again; and in this humiliating fashion we gain entrance to Shepperton Lock.

That was a beautiful afternoon, still and calm and summer-like, up by Chertsey Mead and Laleham. There was not a breath of wind to ruffle the smooth-flowing river; and the perfect reflections of the trees and bushes—in warm hues of yellow-green and olive—were only disturbed when the towing-line dipped and hit the surface into a shimmering silver-white. It was a peaceful landscape; very English-looking; in the distance there was a low line of wooded hill, with here and there a church-spire appearing among the trees.

"Really," says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, as we are getting into Penton Hook Lock, "really I am quite ashamed to see so much of the work falling upon Mr. Duncombe's shoulders. He never gets a moment's rest."

"He likes it. He is proud of his position as sailing-master."

She turns to Miss Peggy.

"Peggy," she says, "you might at least go and talk to him while he is at the tiller."

"I don't know Mr. Duncombe," says Miss Peggy, looking down. "I'm sure he would rather have you go and talk to him."

"And leave you two to get back to your English history—is that what you want? Well, anyway, I have to go and see if Murdoch is making preparations for dinner."

"You'd better leave Murdoch alone," it is here interposed. "He has had his hands pretty full all day; don't bother him about dinner now."

"Are we to starve?"

"It would do you good, once in a while."

"I like to hear men talk like that! We know what goes on at their clubs, don't we, Peggy? Yes, and at the dinners of the City Companies, and the Mansion House, and the Royal Academy—why, everything, anything, is an excuse for the most wasteful extravagance. However, there's one thing; if there is to be no dinner, it isn't Peggy and I who will suffer the most. We shan't complain; shall we, Peggy?"

"I don't know," says Peggy, irresolutely.

"If you would only wait a moment," says the person whose sole business in life seems now to be pulling out eightpences to pay successive lock-keepers, "I would explain. We shall get up to Staines about half-past seven or eight; and we must go ashore to buy a proper pole. Very well; we can dine at the old Pack-Horse before coming on board again; and save a heap of trouble. Now do you understand? Can your diminutive intellect grasp that situation?"

"It would have been so nice to have dined on board," she says.

"You will get plenty of dining on board before we have done with you. Wait till you find yourself in the Forest of Arden."

"I suppose travellers must be content," she says humbly; and then she turns to Miss Peggy. "Well, if you won't go and talk to Mr. Duncombe, I will. I am sure we should all be very much obliged to him."

It was nearer eight than half-past seven when we reached Staines, and found a safe mooring for the Nameless Barge. The labours and experiences of this our first day were over, and we went ashore in a placid frame of mind. The twilight was darkening to dusk now; but the thrushes and blackbirds were still piping everywhere.

Dinner ordered at the old familiar Pack-Horse, one or two of us went out on to the little balcony overlooking the river. The evening was very still. There was a curious metallic grey on the surface of the stream; and as we stood regarding it, a single bronze-hued boat went noiselessly by, floating down with the current, and in the stern of the boat, sitting very close together, were two young people, who might have been ghosts gliding through the mysterious gloom.

"Doesn't it remind you of those nights in Venice?" says Miss Peggy, rather absently.

And then, behold! far above the darkness of the trees, there is the young moon, of a pale silver, in the lilac-tinted skies; and in the closing down of the night the birds are still calling.



[To be continued.]

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 17, 1885), with a codicil (dated July 7, 1885), of Mr. Charles Seeley, late of Brooke House, Isle of Wight, and Fuzedown Park, Surrey, who died on Oct. 21 last, has been proved by Charles Seeley, the son, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £496,000. The testator leaves £50,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Jane Annie Browne and Mrs. Mary Renwick, for their respective lives; and £20,000, upon trust, for Benjamin Temple Cotton, for his life. The above three sums are, at the death of the persons having life interests therein, together with a legacy of £30,000, to be divided, per capita, between the children of his three daughters, Mrs. Jane Annie Browne, Mrs. Mary Renwick, and Mrs. Fanny Cotton. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, Charles Seeley, absolutely.

The will (dated June 12, 1885), with a codicil (dated July 12, 1887), of Mr. Samuel Shaw, J.P., late of Brooklands, Stainland, near Halifax, who died on Oct. 5 last, was proved on Dec. 12, in the Wakefield District Registry, by John Edward Shaw, the son, Joseph Shaw Sleath, Frederick Whitley Thomson, and Frederic Henry Wright, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £78,000. The testator gives all his plate, linen, carriages and horses, £1500 per annum (to be reduced to £500 on re-marriage), and the use of "Brooklands" with the furniture therein to his wife, Mrs. Ellen Shaw, for life; 2500 £10 shares of John Shaw and Sons, Limited, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Emily Milnes Behrens, and then to her children, and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, John Edward Shaw, absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1887) of the Rev. Sir George Lewis Wilmot Horton, Bart., late of Osmaston Hall, Derbyshire, who died on Oct. 24 last, was proved on Dec. 28 by C. T. Molyneux Montgomerie, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £50,000. The testator directs that certain charges on his Davenport and Catton estates shall be borne by the Wilmot estates. He charges the Catton estate with the payment of £500 per annum each to his wife and Lord Dorchester, £300 per annum to Henry Anson, and £200 per annum to the Hon. Miss M. L. Carleton, and, subject thereto, devises the said estate, in trust, for his niece, Augusta Theresa Anson, for life, then for his great-nephew Henry Anson, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male. A sum of £5000 is to be raised out of the Osmaston estate (part of the Wilmot estates) to be paid to Lord Zouche, and, on the death of the Dowager Lady Wilmot Horton, four further sums of £2000 for the four daughters of his late uncle, Montague Wilmot, and, subject thereto, he devises the Wilmot estates, in trust, for Robert Rodney Wilmot (who has succeeded to the baronetcy), for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male. The Davenport estate he devises, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for Mrs. A. T. Anson, for life, then to Henry Anson, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail male. The Northamptonshire estate is to be sold, and out of the proceeds he gives £4000 each to Lord Zouche and his sister, and £12,000, upon trust, for Mrs. A. T. Anson, for life, and then for her four children. His Leicestershire estate he leaves to Lord Zouche, his heirs, and assigns. He bequeaths £200 to the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £100 each to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Church Building Society, and the Additional Curates' Society; and other legacies. There are many other provisions in the will, and other bequests to testator's wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life; and at her death, as to two sevenths for Darea Cursen, one seventh for Lord Zouche, and the remaining four sevenths for the four younger children of M. S. A. T. Anson.

The will (dated July 29, 1886), with a codicil (of the same date), of Miss Emily Mary Edwards, late of No. 72, Portland-place, who died on Nov. 28 last, was proved on Dec. 27 by Miss Edith Green Leigh, the niece, and Henry Adams, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 each to her brother and sister, Henry Joseph Edwards and Adelina Francis Green; £500 to her old friend Dr. Richard Quain, and numerous other legacies. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her niece, Edith Green Leigh, absolutely.

The will (dated March 31, 1885) of the Hon. Frederick William Charteris, formerly of No. 30, Pont-street, Chelsea, but late of The Elms, Roehampton, a Captain in the Royal Navy, who died on Oct. 10 last, was proved on Dec. 30 by the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Charteris, the widow, and Ernest Noel, M.P., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testator, after confirming his marriage settlement, gives his house, with the furniture and effects therein, to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death to his children, in such shares as she shall by deed or will appoint, but in default of such appointment, share and share alike.

The will (dated March 19, 1884), with a codicil (dated Nov. 20, 1886), of Miss Marianne Thornton, late of East End, Clapham-common, and Milton Bryan, Bedford, who died on Nov. 5 last, was proved on Jan. 3 by Robert Ruthven Pym and Cam Sykes, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her furniture and effects and £1200 to Henrietta Louisa Synnott, £8000 to Edward Morgan Forster, and other legacies to relatives. The residue of her property she leaves to Laura Mary Forster, upon the condition of her paying certain small annuities.

The will (dated April 7, 1884), with two codicils (dated May 19, 1884, and Aug. 31, 1885), of Mr. Charles John Allen, late of No. 11, Alexander-road, South Hampstead, and No. 20, Bedford-row, who died on Oct. 15 last, was proved on Dec. 17 by Reginald Lloyd Allen, the son, and Ethel Lloyd Allen, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £20,000. The testator gives all his interest in the goodwill of his business as a solicitor, and his silver plate marked with the Allen and Lloyd crests, to his son Reginald Lloyd; £500 to each of his other children, and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his five children, Ethel Lloyd, Winifred Augusta Lloyd, Frances Isabel Lloyd, Lancelot Lloyd, and Reginald Lloyd, in equal shares.

Lord Hillingdon has been appointed treasurer to the Railway Benevolent Institution, in place of the late Lord Wolverton.

A supplement to the *London Gazette* gives the official account of the proceedings of the celebration of her Majesty's Jubilee, which occurred last June. The recital covers some 135 pages, fully nine-tenths of this space being occupied by the names of Royal guests, high functionaries, and persons deputed from various parts of the world to take part in the celebration, and to these is added a full list of the Jubilee promotions. For the rest, a description, in official language, is given of the preparations made in Westminster Abbey for the ceremonial, the Royal Proclamation of the public holiday, accounts of the procession, and the function itself, and a diary of the movements of the Queen, her family, and guests during the months of June, July, and August.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W W Q (Faversham).—We shall have to refer to the file of 1886 to answer your question. Next week.

T ROBERTS.—Regret you have had so much trouble with No. 2180.

L D.—Thanks for the problem. It shall be examined.

P E (India).—There is no rule against checks in the first move of a solution; but as that sort of device presents no difficulty to the solver, composers rarely embody it in a problem.

G B F (Dundee).—You shall hear from us in the course of next week.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2273 received from Bandsman P Edwards (India); of Nos. 2278, 2279, and 2280 from Lady Thomas (Constantinople); of No. 2281 from S Herbert, Tertullian Club (Vigo); F Poynting, Mrs. Kelly, John Hall, J Gubbett, W Ford, Sergeant F West, T Roberts, H G King, No Name, J R M Anderson, and Indagator.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2282 received from W R Railien, Joseph Ainsworth, Hereward, Jupiter Junior, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), C E P, R Tweddell, G W Law, Thomas Chown, B R Wood, J D Tucker (Leeds), Ben Nevis, A G W (Dover), B R Wood, North-Bac, E Casella (Paris), G Darragh, R H Brooks, Sergeant F West, L Falcon (Antwerp), Shadforth, A G Hunt, E Featherstone, E Loudon, R L Southwell, O Oswald, A Hunter, R F N Banks, L Wyman, E Elsbury, J Bryden, John Hall, Bernard Reynolds, Otto Fulder (Ghent), N R Harris, H Wardell, L Desanges, R Winters, J R M Anderson, Peterhouse, E E H, and Rev. Winfield Cooper.

NOTE.—Only communications received up to Jan. 6 are acknowledged in this Number.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2281.

WHITE.
1. Kt to Q B 6th
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.
Any move

PROBLEM No. 2284.
By JAN DRTINA (Prague).

BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

THE BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Played in the Masters' Tournament between Messrs. J. H. BLACKBURNE and W. H. K. POLLOCK.

(Greco-Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) 1. P to K 4th 2. Kt to K B 3rd 3. P to Q 4th 4. Kt takes P 5. B to K Kt 5th	BLACK (Mr. P.) P to K 4th P to K B 4th P takes K P Kt to K B 3rd B to K 2nd	WHITE (Mr. B.) 10. Kt to Q 5th 11. Kt to Q 5th 12. B to K 2nd 13. P takes P 14. Q takes P (ch) 15. B to R 5th (ch) 16. B takes R (ch) 17. Q takes Q 18. Q to B 7th (ch) 19. R to Q Kt sq 20. Q to R 7th 21. Q to Kt 5th (ch) 22. Castles.	BLACK (Mr. P.) K to Q 2nd R to B sq P to B 4th B takes Kt P K to K sq R to B 2nd K takes B Kt to B 3rd K to K sq B to K 4th K to Q sq K to Q 2nd and Black resigned.
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Mr. Blackburne has now obtained a fine attack, and he presses it with characteristic vigour.

THE BRITISH CHESS CLUB.

Played recently between Mr. HEPPELL and another MEMBER.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. H.) 1. P to K 4th 2. P to K B 4th 3. B to B 4th 4. B takes P 5. K to B sq 6. Kt to Q B 3rd 7. P to Q 4th 8. Kt to B 3rd	BLACK (Amateur) P to K 4th P takes P P to Q 4th Q to R 5th (ch) P to K Kt 4th B to Kt 2nd Kt to K 2nd	WHITE (Mr. H.) 16. Kt to Q 5th 17. Q takes P 18. Q takes P 19. Q takes Kt 20. P to B 3rd 21. P to Kt 6th 22. P takes P (ch) 23. B to R 7th (ch) 24. R to B sq 25. R to B 5th 26. B to B 5th 27. B to Q 3rd	BLACK (Amateur) Kt takes Kt R to Q sq Kt takes B Q to Q Kt 3rd Kt to B 3rd Kt takes K P Kt takes P K to B sq R to Q 2nd R to K sq K R to K 2nd K to Kt sq
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So far the usual book-moves. In his next move Black departs from routine greatly to his disadvantage.

8. Q to R 3rd

9. P to K R 4th P to Kt 5th

10. Kt to Kt 5th Castles

11. Q B takes P Q to Q R 3rd (ch)

The Queen must now remain out of play for many moves. 11. Q to K B 3rd seems his best course in the position.

12. K to Kt sq P to R 3rd

13. P to K 5th

The Knight cannot be saved, and White adopts the best move here.

14. P takes P P takes Kt

15. B to K 4th B to B 4th

Our problem this week is quoted from the new collection of Bohemian problems just issued from the press at Prague. The collection comprises selections from the works of the best exponents of the Bohemian school of composers, and contains 320 diagrams, clearly printed on thick paper. We shall refer to the work more at length after an examination of its contents.

Mr. T. H. Hopwood, Deansgate, Manchester, has issued a new edition of his diagram and game recorder combined. Each sixpenny book contains space for forty problems and forty games, and they will be found useful by students of either branch of chess.

The annual meeting of the British Chess Association will be held at the British Chess Club, 37, King-street, Covent-garden, on Saturday, Jan. 21, at four o'clock in the afternoon. The business to be transacted comprises the honorary secretary's and the honorary treasurer's reports; a proposal for the revision of the constitution; the proposed international chess congress in the provinces; election of council and managing committee and the challenge of the German Chess Association for a match next summer with thirty members of the B.C.A., either at Cologne or Ostend. We shall hope to see a full attendance of members to discuss and decide upon these important matters.

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GORDON BOYS' HOME AT PORTSMOUTH.

The institution founded as a memorial of the late General Charles George Gordon, C.B., and of his heroic life and lamented death at Khartoum, is a Home for the education of 160 poor boys, to be trained either for the Army or Navy, the merchant sea service, or industrial employments in this country or in the colonies. It was opened, with nine boys only, in October, 1885; but a hundred can now be accommodated, and its promoters hope that it will hereafter be enlarged to receive five hundred. Fort Wallington, at Portsmouth, was granted by the War Department of her Majesty's Government for temporary occupation by the Boys' Home, until funds shall have been raised for the new buildings to be erected on Bagshot-heath, where the Government has offered a site of ten acres on a long lease at a nominal rent. The institution has an income of about £2000 a year, from the interest of funded property and guaranteed annual subscriptions; but twice that income will be required for the charges of maintaining it and keeping the boys. It is under the management of the Commandant, Major-General H. Tyndall, C.B., late of the Bengal Staff Corps. His staff officer is Major G. Collins, late of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. There is a medical officer, who is in practice at Fareham. The teaching and training staff consists of a trades instructor, who teaches carpentering, smith's work, plan drawing, and mechanics; a schoolmaster; a sergeant-major, who has a general supervision, and instructs the drum and fife band; a sergeant tailor, a sergeant shoemaker, and two sergeant instructors, who drill the boys, look after the dormitories, teach cooking, and render other services. The separate rooms or buildings required for the operations of the Home include parade-room, dormitories, hall, school, and shops for carpenters, smiths, shoemakers, and tailors. All these, of course, will be specially planned at Bagshot-heath, and fitted with appliances suitable to a permanent establishment.

The daily routine of the home is prescribed in a time-table as precise as that which governs any well-regulated school. Every hour from 6 a.m. to 9.15 p.m. brings its appointed duties for the inmates. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday are ordinary days, and Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday exceptions. Breakfast is at 7.15 a.m.; there are drill and bugle practice—the latter is a great help to discipline—from 8 to 8.45 on five days; from 9 to 12 is spent in school and workshops; dinner is at 12.30; from 1.30 to 2 there are again drill and bugle practice; from 2 to 4 is spent in school or workshops; tea is at 6; from 6.30 to 8 is spent in school or workshops; "retreat" is sounded at 8.30; and at 9.15 lights are put out. On Sunday religious instruction is given from 9 to 9.30 a.m., and from 6.30 to 7.30 p.m.; in the forenoon the boys are marched to church, and in the afternoon they walk out. On Saturday afternoon a certain number are allowed on pass; and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings those who are unemployed attend an evening religious class, conducted by the Rev. A. Hayes. Ten or a dozen boys have to do washing on Mondays and coal-carrying on Thursdays. The health of the inmates has been generally good. In most cases the beneficial effects of change of air and good food in new corners have been remarkable. A spirit of cheerful activity prevails among the boys. There are ladies who see that they have prayer-books and hymn-books and indoor games, and one has presented a pianette to aid the cultivation of their musical faculties. The library is replenished by private gifts, grants from societies, and a parcel from Messrs. Macmillan. For football a local tradesman lends a field. Both football and cricket are popular with boys and officers, and they play matches with local clubs. Rambling excursions are planned. A visit to Gosport for inspection by her Majesty was a red-letter day. The few departures for naval or military careers have excited a spirit of emulation; but though the training is "military," no obligation to become soldiers is enforced. The lads can elect for themselves. A fair knowledge of carpenters', smiths', tailors', shoemakers', and telegraphists' work (and they can acquire all this) renders a lad fit to go almost anywhere, with an assurance of success. From the first, the boys took kindly to the several handicrafts; and soon it was reported that great progress was being made in the workshops, especially in the carpenters' and tailors' shops, and many of the pupils were doing really useful work. There was plenty of work in the tailors' shop, upon which great demands were made for the repair of clothing. In the first twelvemonth, the employment of outside labour in the tailors' shop for the making of new clothes was a serious item of expense, but since then all the clothing, except socks and caps, has been made in the establishment.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOT INSTITUTION.

A meeting of this institution was held on Jan. 5 at its house in John-street, Adelphi, Sir Edward Birkbeck, M.P., in the chair. Rewards amounting to £270 were voted to pay the expenses of recent launches of the life-boats to the aid of the crews of different vessels in distress, and payments amounting to £10,713 were ordered to be made on the 291 life-boat establishments of the institution. Among the contributions recently received were: £2000 from Mr. E. Homan, donor of the Weymouth life-boat, the Friern Watch, for the endowment of that boat; £2000 from Mr. T. K. Hardie, donor of the Janet Hoyle life-boat, at Ayr, for the endowment of that boat; £1000 from the Civil Service Life-Boat Fund, for the endowment of the Civil Service (No. 5) life-boat, stationed at Maryport; £800 from an anonymous donor, to provide a new life-boat for St. Anne's; £700 from the officers and staff of the New Oriental Bank Corporation (Limited), to defray the cost of the Hayle new life-boat, in memory of the late Mr. Edmund Francis Harrison, one of the founders of the bank; £700 from the Ancient Order of Foresters, to defray the cost of a life-boat to be named the Samuel Shawcross, after the secretary of the order, and to be placed on the Scotch coast; £750 from the Bradford branch, towards the cost of the Ramsgate new life-boat, the Bradford; and £500 from the Licensed Victuallers' Life-Boat Fund, on account of the cost of the Hunstanton new life-boat, the Licensed Victualler. New life-boats were sent during the past month to Cemaes, Kirkcudbright, Hornsea, Hasborough, Hartlepool, Seaham, Irvine, Burnham, Scaton Carew, and Watchet.

The show of the Hunters' Improvement Society will be held at the Agricultural Hall, in conjunction with that of the Hackney Horse Society, from March 6 to March 9. In all, prizes to the amount of £665 will be offered.

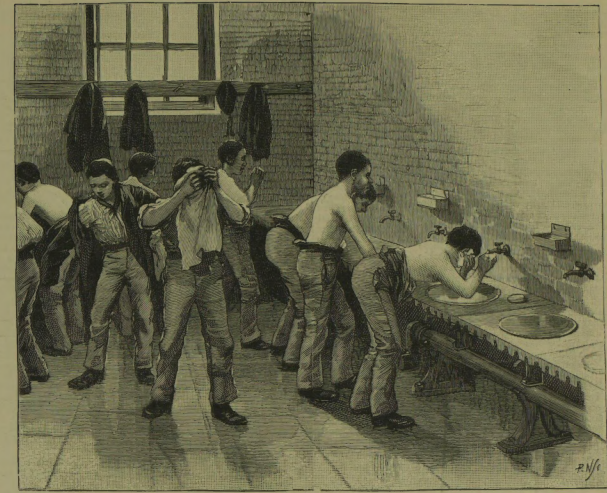
A decorative art exhibition is to take place in Dublin on Feb. 2 under the auspices of the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework, an institution founded by Countess Cowper; and now flourishing. A similar exhibition was carried to a successful and useful conclusion in 1884, and now, as then, the managing committee are appealing for support and help in the shape of loan exhibits of specimens of decorative art, ancient and modern, such as embroidery, lace, fans, &c. Any persons interested in development of Irish decorative art, and willing to lend articles, may communicate with the hon. sec. Mrs. Hely Hutchinson, 67, Northumberland-road, Dublin.



DINNER TIME.



FATIGUE DUTY.



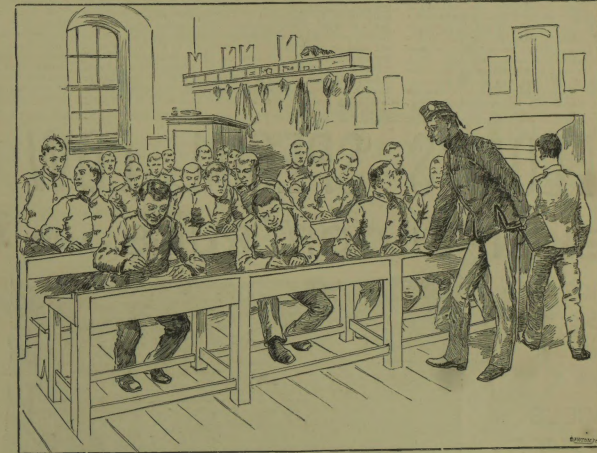
THE LAVATORY.



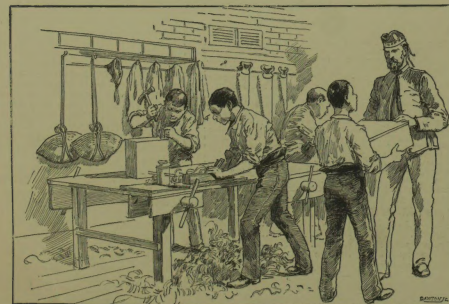
TAILORS AT WORK.



SHOEMAKERS AT WORK.



THE SCHOOL-ROOM.



THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.



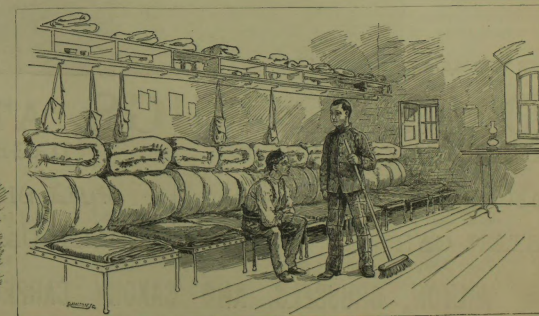
ENTRANCE GATE.



FORT WALLINGTON.



GORDON BOY, FULL DRESS.



THE DORMITORY.

NOVELS.

The Plan of Campaign. By F. Mabel Robinson. Two vols. (Vizetelly and Co.).—The ancient sage philosopher cited in "Hudibras" affirmed that the world was made of fighting and of love. In this story—one of powerful interest—Irish Land League politics are substituted for the fighting; but there is a deal of love-making. At least five unmarried ladies under thirty years of age, and seven or eight bachelor gentlemen, are engaged in the "chasser-croiser" and the "change-mains" figures of a complex dance of mutual attractions and repulsions alternately; and almost the only one of them—Stella Considine—who loves the same person from first to last feels bound to refuse him, and dies. Our sympathy with unrequited affections is severely taxed by the varying relations and failures of reciprocal attachment, at times, between Mr. Richard Talbot and Miss Fetherston and Miss Considine, between Mr. Titus Orr and Miss Considine and Miss Dromore, between Mr. Lucian Orr and Miss Molyneux, Mr. Gough and Miss Considine; while Miss Fetherston, an unscrupulous adventuress, takes up Mr. Talbot, Lord Roeglass, and Mr. M'Dermott, one after another; and while frankness and constancy are crowned with a ready response only in the subordinate instance of Edith Gough and Dr. Blake. Individually, these characters are distinctly portrayed; the portraiture, in some cases, is rather overdone; page-long descriptions of their personal appearance, over and over again, with reiterated notices of their peculiarities of manner and speech, become a little fatiguing. The voluptuous beauty of Elinor Fetherston, including those "velvety eyes" which have recently been made indispensable to the outfit of a naughty young woman, and the elaborate accounts of her different dresses, which were usually immodest, but too suitable to her behaviour with men, somewhat pall on a refined taste. The intellectual qualities also of the superior men would be more agreeably and not less forcibly exhibited without the frequent display of such odd mannerisms as that of marking Lucian Orr's emphatic words by the use of italic type, or putting rotund oratorical sentences into the mouth of Mr. Considine, who is not a public speaker; while Talbot, though unquestionably a man of action, does not say anything remarkable in the way of political argument. He is a Dublin man, left with a moderate fortune inherited from his father, a solicitor there, and he has entered Parliament as a follower of Mr. Parnell. Stern, proud, and rigidly virtuous, filled with compassion for the distressed tenantry and with hatred of the oppressive landlords, he seems wholly devoted to his patriotic mission. But the fascinations of an artful "siren," the daughter of Mr. Fetherston, who is an English "carpet-bagger" politician sitting for a Parnellite Irish constituency, have snared the great heart of Talbot; and she, on her annual visit to Dublin with her father, staying at Morrisson's Hotel, contrives to make a fool of the distinguished political leader. Those readers who may happen to be acquainted with the manners and usages of Dublin society will judge of the possibility of the extraordinary scene at the hotel, where this bold young lady, wearing her remarkable "tea-gown" and sprawling on a sofa, entertains three or four gentlemen with impromptu nigger songs, impudently chaffing them one by one, to the accompaniment of her banjo. Dublin society may, or may not, likewise permit a young lady to come home from a ball, with gentlemen not of her own family, riding on an outside car through the streets, at half-past two in the morning. Miss Fetherston, however, is a London young lady, twenty-two years of age; and the Dublin ladies, old and young,

appear sufficiently observant of propriety in their own behaviour. Leaving this delicate question apart, we much admire the author's delineation of true feminine grace and purity in Stella Considine, who cherishes a lifelong affection for Talbot, the unhappy hero of the story, and of real womanliness, not without pardonable faults, in Miss Molyneux, and in the two well-bred girls, Edith Gough and Clemence Dromore. They make amends for the vicious wantonness and intriguing falseness of Elinor Fetherston, who goes altogether to the bad, and is seduced by Lord Roeglass, but takes refuge from utter disgrace in a marriage with the reckless M'Dermott. The two brothers, Titus and Lucian Orr, are both estimable and interesting men, whose sense of equity and humanity restrains them from adopting the worst maxims of the Land League. Among the most impressive passages in this tale are the scenes in Galway, at the midnight collection of money paid by the tenants, under the notorious "Plan of Campaign," to be held by the Land League or Nationalist agents, for the purpose of defeating the landlord's legal claim of rent; and at the distressing eviction of wretched peasant families on the estate of Lord Roeglass. We wish it could be said that these are exaggerated pictures of the actual condition of some districts in the West of Ireland, but the fiction does not, we believe, much exceed the facts which have been reported. The question of "Home Rule," on the other hand, is only alluded to incidentally in the novel before us; but from the humorous account of a Nationalist meeting, with the absurd speeches made there, and from such a characteristic specimen of the low vulgar politician as Mr. Kinsella, M.P., it may be inferred that the author has no great faith in an Irish Parliament. One of the very best portraits is that of Lord Dromore, the impoverished and nearly ruined landlord, a very good fellow, sitting in almost squalid retirement in his decayed rural mansion, while his daughter bravely goes to earn her living at a London bonnet-maker's. In general, the spirit in which Miss Mabel Robinson treats of all these matters is fair and benevolent to each class of those concerned. A terrible tragedy, the murder of Lord Roeglass at his house in London, has probably been introduced with a view to show the moral danger of political fanaticism. It is rendered the more significant by selecting for the assassin of the cruel landlord a man like Mr. Considine, one of highly cultivated mind and amiable disposition, a respectable and prosperous citizen of Dublin, whose sensitive and emotional temperament is stirred to temporary insanity by witnessing the misery at the Galway evictions. The narrative of Considine's escape from London to France, his sufferings from remorse and fear, and his suicide in the railway train, is of absorbing interest. There is quite enough, of one sort and another, to make "The Plan of Campaign" worth reading, even if it contains some things which are not entirely to our satisfaction.

The Frozen Pirate. By W. Clark Russell. Two vols. (Sampson Low and Co.).—The life of those who "go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters," the wondrous changes of ocean and sky in the South Atlantic, the toils of seamanship, the pleasures of fair-weather sailing, and the perils of wind, wave, and rock, of a burning vessel, or of a forlorn boat's crew and passengers, drifting many days without food or drink—have been described by this author with unsurpassed force, in his stories of "John Holdsworth, Mate," "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "A Strange Voyage," and others. He has shown a yet higher kind of imaginative faculty, and much psychological insight, in working out an interesting problem—that of the loss of memory of preceding

circumstances by a terrible shock to the brain and nervous system, and the process of its recovery, on which the dramatic interest of "John Holdsworth," and of "The Golden Hope," mainly depends. We regret that, in "The Frozen Pirate," a novelist with such powers of rendering the facts of nature, and the range of actual human experiences, truly romantic, should have resorted to an extremely fantastic invention. Mr. Russell, nevertheless, in shifting his ground to the supernatural, exercises the same gift of intense imagination and equal strength of fancy, dealing with one of the oddest and wildest subjects ever presented in a romance of this kind. A man named Jules Tassard, a French sailor in the year 1753 on board the pirate schooner Boca del Dragon, which was caught by the drifting ice of the Antarctic Ocean south of Cape Horn, is supposed to have been frozen up, yet preserved alive in a slumber of forty-eight years, till he is found on board that vessel by Paul Rodney, the mate and only survivor of the crew of the Laughing Mary, shipwrecked on the same iceberg about the beginning of the nineteenth century. The Frenchman is restored to consciousness and activity by warmth, liquor, and food, and these two men begin to live together, in very disagreeable companionship; for there is much stolen treasure in the schooner, and Rodney presently suspects Tassard of an intention to kill him, for the sake of this, as soon as their united labours shall have got the vessel afloat with a chance of reaching the land. Tassard is, of course, as great a ruffian as ever cut a throat; his manners and talk are revolting; but Rodney, who tells the story, endeavours to bear with him, to elude his malice, and to make him work for the sake of both their lives. Disputes and quarrels between this strange pair of involuntary associates, and revelations of the hideous past life of the ancient pirate, fill the middle portion of the tale; they have provisions, wine, brandy, fuel, clothing, and fire-arms on board, and they manage to live in this way several months. At length, partly by some blasting of the ice with gunpowder, partly from alterations of the ocean-currents and of the winds, their imprisoned vessel is set free and drifts into warmer latitudes. The effect on Tassard is wonderful; he suddenly becomes a very decrepit, idiotic old man, having the forty-eight years of his suspended life of the frost-trance added to above fifty years of his existence previous to 1753. This ghastly change, for which there is a precedent in Mr. Rider Haggard's "Alan Quartermain," is followed by death; and Paul Rodney gets safe home to England with untold riches of gold and silver and jewels. It is, perhaps, as good a story as "Sindbad the Sailor;" but Mr. Clark Russell can write something of a much better kind.

The Guildhall Art Gallery was opened in July, 1886, and since that time over 80,000 people have visited it. It is open daily from ten to four, and is free to the public.

The Rev. Archibald Blair M'Dougall, M.A., Oxon, Curate of All Saints', Clifton, has been appointed Minor Canon of Ely Cathedral, in place of the Rev. G. W. A. Firth, who has been appointed Minor Canon of Durham.

A conference on education in Wales has been held at Shrewsbury. It was resolved that an important step towards the development of the Welsh educational system must be the establishment of numerous and efficient intermediate schools; that the interest of girls should be considered equally with that of boys; and that the Welsh language should be utilised as a means of elementary, intermediate, and higher education. It was also agreed that the inspection of State-aided intermediate schools should be committed to the Welsh University

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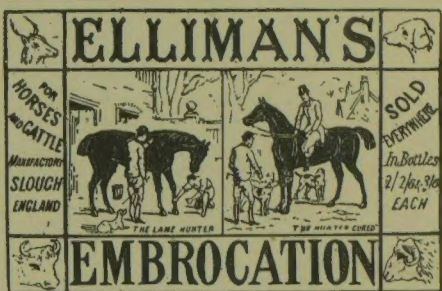
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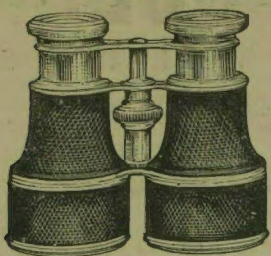
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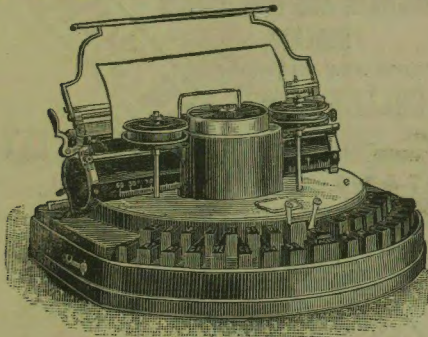
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Begin to announce that their
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And will be CONTINUED THROUGHOUT the MONTH. DETAILED CATALOGUE POST-FREE.
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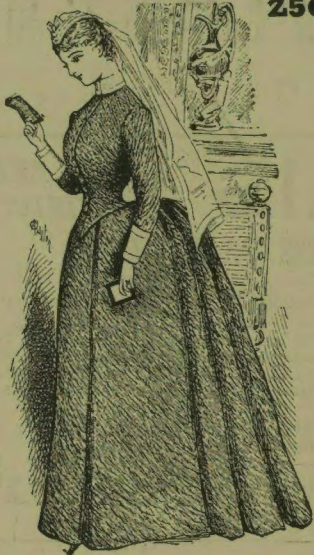
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AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES,

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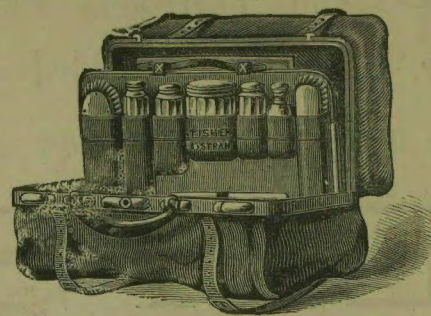
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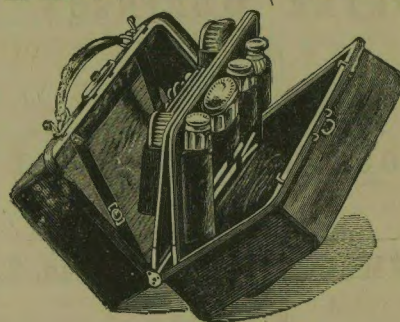
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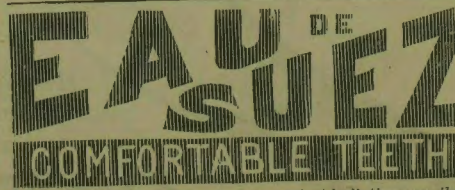
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